WHEN THE WORLD'S AGAINST YOU READ

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 87. [Published Every Monday.] Week Ending July 2nd, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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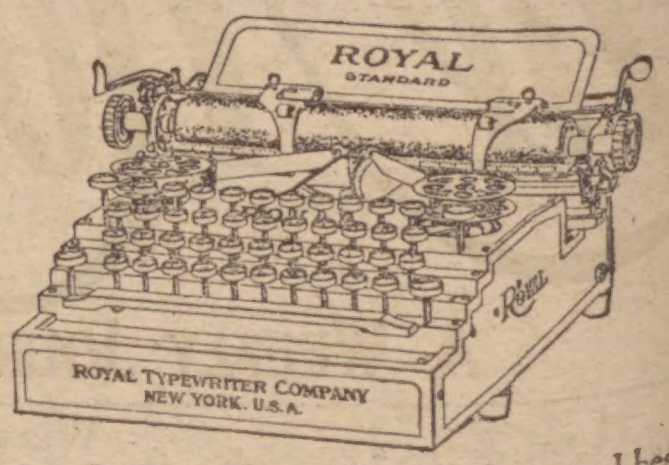

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Gentlemen's	Spring-Grip	Dumb-bells	at	12/6	18 and upwards.
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.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 87. WEEK ENDING JULY 2ND, 1910. ONE PENNY.

BILLIARD HANDICAPPING.

VARIOUS METHODS OF ENSURING A GOOD GAME.

In every game a contest loses its interest when one player is considerably more skilful than the other.

The best sportsman in the world cannot have much pleasure from a game in which he knows he is certain to be defeated, nor would he do so from a game in which he knows he is certain to win. And this is especially true in billiards, where a man's "form" is fairly consistent.

As a change from the ordinary method of player giving or owing, or giving and receiving another player so many points, here are some ways of handicapping which will bring most widely separated players together, and lend variety to the game.

The Break Game.—Here the better player scores a minimum break, below which he cannot score. He must make the minimum each time before he begins to count. For example, if he is playing "ten breaks" and makes nine anything less, he scores nothing. But if he makes ten or over in a break, he counts the whole lot. He can always score misses or other penalties given by his opponent.

The "Go-Back" Game.—Here the superior player must make the game, which may be anything from ten to twenty points in one of his innings, or anyway he must prevent his opponent from scoring anything, which has the same effect.

For example, the better player in a game of twenty up makes nineteen at the first attempt. His opponent then scores two, and the giver of nil goes back to nil, and back to nil he goes every time his opponent scores, while adding on to twenty. This is an amusing one.

The Cushion Game.—Here the stronger player must make every score off a cushion. Thus, to make a cannon he must either make it direct off a cushion, or hit a ball, then a cushion, then the other ball. For losing or winning hazards obviously his only chance is to make them off a cushion.

Divided Pockets.—In this case the "crack" makes one or two pockets in which alone can he score winning or losing hazards, and gives his opponent all the other pockets to score in. Cannons are scored as at ordinary billiards, but if either player pots the red or goes in off in the pocket, or one of the pockets belonging to his opponent, then the score made counts against him. Thus, if a strong player makes the right-hand middle pocket for himself, that is the only pocket in which he can score winning or losing hazards. His opponent can score them in any pocket except that one.

R. MARKHAM.

CHEEK.

In a recent speech, King George advocated a doctrine of Peace and Goodwill. Our loyal comment is "Yule do!"

* * *

Angry controversies are rife in South Africa just now. The cause, we are told, is too much Botha.

* * *

After his great Channel flight, England is proud of the Hon. C. S. Rolls. He is what she has been kneading for a long time.

* * *

Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson observes that the drama is not being fertilised. But, strangely enough, a great number of plays are being produced that partake largely of the nature of manure.

* * *

A popular weekly speaks of Mr. Bryan's whirlwind oratory. We always knew that the American politician had a breezy style.

* * *

Mr. T. P. O'Connor asks "How does this universal wearing of black affect your eye and mind?" Most men say that it gives them the blues.

* * *

A writer in a contemporary says that "the ordinary woman is by instinct a dab at mental arithmetic." This statement, we fear, is somewhat fishy, for there is a lot of cod about it.

* * *

The tight skirt, which hindered its wearer in walking, has gone out of fashion. It naturally would not long be pleasing to a sex that is so notoriously "fast."

* * *

The "Daily Mail" tells us that flying costs a lot of money. "Yes, indeed!" commented Mr. Moon-Shooter; "why, even to flit is quite an expensive proceeding!"

* * *

Mr. Gilbert Cannan has some startling information for us. Says he, "I have had a 'real conversation' with my cat." We suppose he thinks this will a-mews people.

* * *

We have it on the authority of Mrs. A. E. Clare that "Not everybody who can afford clothes knows how to wear them." Some of the most highly-paid classical dancers are a case in point.

* * *

A writer says of Mr. Roosevelt that there is "not a job he could not undertake, from an operation for appendicitis to the command of the Atlantic Fleet." Certainly, one would expect Theodore, as a journalist, both to be good at "cutting," and to make a good "leader."

J. S. Cox.

HORSEMANSHIP.

DETAILS THAT ARE SELDOM TAUGHT.

The art of teaching is a gift that a man must be born with and that few possess.

How many a riding-master is content to tell you no more than to keep your head up and your hands and heels down, your toes and elbows in, and to keep your legs still. What he does not teach you, but leaves you to learn by experience, is horsemanship—the hundred and one little details that go to make a finished horseman.

One is rarely told even how to grip. The novice often starts with an idea that the calf muscles are used for the purpose, instead of the muscles on the inside of the thigh. The point of contact should be the inside of the knee and just below it, which should never release its grip.

When this is realised, you will understand the reason for the feet being kept parallel to the horse's sides. If the toes are turned out, the soft back of the knee comes against the saddle instead of the side of it.

Even the "aids," as they are called, are not always explained. By practice, it is true, they come instinctively, but at first they must be learnt one by one.

The aids are scarcely perceptible movements of hands and legs by which the rider conveys his wishes to the horse.

The aids for turning are most important and consist, practically, in a slight pressure on the inside rein—the right if you are turning to the right—and a pressure with both legs, but especially with the outside one. At the same time, the outside rein is laid gently on the horse's neck and the rider leans slightly inwards.

A good horseman manages a horse as much with his legs as with his hands, and can always get his mount to increase his pace and keep up to the bit by the pressure of the legs.

To make a horse break from the trot into the canter is a very difficult thing for the novice, and very easy for the experienced.

The canter is an artificial pace, which is tiring to the horse though easy to the rider, so that the animal must be well broken before it will canter.

First take the weight off the leg with which you want the horse to lead—usually the left when going straight, but the right when turning in that direction.

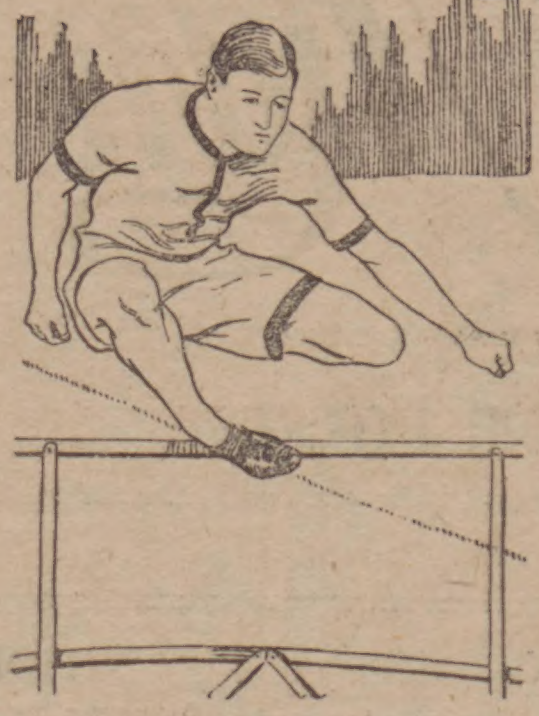
In cantering to the right extra pressure should be exerted with the right leg and on the left rein, and as much of the weight as possible thrown on the near hind leg.

The tightening of the reins and a touch of the spur complete the aids, which will soon induce a horse to canter.

B. NEWCOMBE.

HURDLING HINTS

SOME POINTS THAT MAKE FOR SPEED AND STYLE.



Now that the season of the summer athletic meetings is advancing apace, it is presumable that a considerable number of our readers are preparing for special events; and in view of the fact that hurdle races are among the most popular items on the card, both from the point of view of the spectator and the competitor, it is a fairly safe prophecy that many of those readers will put their names down for these graceful and sporting contests.

Hurdle races were inaugurated in the early sixties, when athletics were in a sort of transition stage, and the original object of the innovation was to provide a combination of short-distance running and jumping. But of late years the whole system of hurdling has undergone so extensive a change that the old-time athlete would hardly recognise it.

For it was not long before the distance of races in championship meetings was fixed at 120 yards, over ten flights of hurdles at even distances of ten yards, with fifteen yards between the start and the first flight and between the last flight and the finish.

DIFFERENT FROM THE HIGH JUMP.

Thus it will be seen that the aim of the hurdler should be not to jump his hurdles, but to take them in his stride, losing as little time as possible in the process. The pitch of excellence to which this system has been reduced will be understood from the fact that, while 12¼ seconds is a fair average time for 120 yards on the flat, a proportionate time for the same distance over ten flights of hurdles is 16 seconds, only 3¼ seconds more for the negotiation of obstacles 3 feet 6 inches high.

Here is a good point to remember. Three strides will take you from hurdle to hurdle; and when you have reached it you should not stop, but spring with an upward movement from the foot on which your last stride landed you, so that you clear the hurdle in your run, and drop on to your other foot.

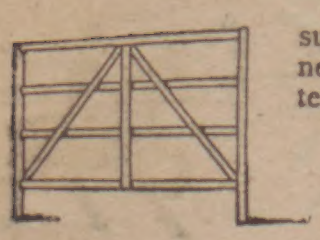
When you take your spring, jerk your front leg—left or right, whichever comes more naturally to you, just enough, *and no more*, upwards to get your shin and knee over the bar. Simultaneously lift up your hind leg in the same way, and drop to the ground on the *ball* of the other, so as to dart off again without losing a second. Dropping on to your heel, or with a flat foot, is a great fault, as it cannot fail to arrest your stride very badly.

THE IDEAL HURDLER.

Now for a few of the physical requirements of the successful hurdler. He must above all things be light-footed, so that he must train down as much as possible.

But while he should discourage too great a degree of muscular development of the shoulders, which would be likely to make him topheavy, it is necessary that the muscles of the lower part of the back and the thighs should be as powerful as they can be made, for the repeated springing and fresh starting at every hurdle exerts a tremendous strain on them.

There is nothing better for producing this desirable condition than a vigorous rubbing performed by a friend, sometimes with a rough "glove" or Turkish towel, but preferably with a bare hand, the hornier the better.



A good high-jumper is seldom a successful hurdler, because he will never be able to rid himself of a tendency to jump too high, but long-jumping and hurdling are often found to go very well together.

Training for hurdle-races is in most respects similar to that used for sprinting; and an important point to remember is that at first the hurdles used for practice should not be of full size. Procure lower ones, and practice flying them so close that you almost graze them. Do not mind, indeed, if you bark your shins now and then. Many university coaches, in fact, recommend this.

If, however, you have any trouble in getting low hurdles, a good plan is to slope the full-sized ones forward so as to diminish their height and make the jump easier.

And not the least important part of the training is "starting" practice and repeated bursts of speed over a flat track. WM. S. MERIVALE.

A WATER-POLO HINT.

One of the rules of water-polo is that the ball must be touched only with one hand at a time, and this often troubles the beginner who wants to pick it up and throw it. If he grabs it from the top it will dive and reappear a yard or so away, while if he tries to take it quickly from underneath, it floats easily away. The best thing is, at first, to balance it against your face, or some part of your body for a moment previous to throwing, and in course of time greater facility in "picking-up" will not fail to come to you.

TEACHING YOURSELF TO

Many a man who would like t swim, but cannot afford an instructo fidently teach himself in this way.

Choose some spot in a river beach where the water is shallow, t rope of tolerable length, fix an en object on land and the other to you

Then you can boldly practise t shown in any handbook, and this fear of being carried away by curr

WHEN YOU ARE WORRI

No doubt it has happened to yo occasions than one, when you ha look up a friend, to find him mise of-sorts, and—though naturally, pe of the cheeriest companions—thor sociable. So after a few minutes conversation, you have gone away him, staring moodily out of the huddled up in his easy chair, smo ette after cigarette with the petula ness that is generally the mark disquietude.

We all of us have our worrying which are growing all too commo panting days of tireless business feel that everything is going wron our troubles are going to fall on us, simultaneously, and overwhelm us. bursts with the strain of trying to the situation. When such a fit as us, we are wont to exaggerate our such an extent that they seem insup

There is only one thing to do, bu do it. Chuck everything by the b get it all. Imagine that you don't c what happens to you. Go to a have a mild spree; and you'll wak morning so refreshed that when once again, to consider ways and your difficulties will fade away, and will seem as clear as daylight to yo

CAMP KIT.

The following list shows exactly what the foreseeing Territorial will take to camp wi should also be useful as a reminder to the civilian camper. Look through it before you kit-bag and see what you have forgotten.

UNIFORMS, etc.—
- GREAT COAT
- SERVICE UNIFORM
- KHAKI SLACKS
- WALKING-OUT UNIFORM
- HAVERSACK
- WATER-BOTTLE
- MESS TINS
- KNIFE, FORK, AND SPOON
- SWAGGER CANE

CLOTHES—
- FLANNEL TROUSERS
- TWO FLANNEL SHIRTS
- SLEEPING SUIT
- SWEATER
- SIX PAIRS OF SOCKS
- HANDKERCHIEFS
- TWO PAIRS OF BOOTS
- PAIR OF EASY SHOES

MISCELLANEOUS—
- SPARE BOOTLACES
- HOUSEWIFE (INCLUDING SCISSORS AND BUTTONS)
- POCKET KNIFE, WITH TWEEZERS, CORK-SCREW, AND AWL
- WHISTLE (FOR N.C.O.'S.)
- PRAYER AND HYMN BOOK
- DRILL BOOKS OR REFERENCE BOOKS
- MAP OF DISTRICT
- PINS AND SAFETY PINS

MISCELLANEOUS—*Continued*—
- POSTCARDS OR LETTER-CARDS
- WRITING PAPER
- PENCILS
- POCKET NOTEBOOK
- STRING
- CAMP-STOOL

MEDICAL—
- BORACIC POWDER (FOR FEET)
- ZINC OINTMENT
- STICKING PLASTER
- GREASE FOR SUNBURN
- PILLS

TOILET OUTFIT—
- BATH TOWEL
- FACE TOWEL
- SPONGE
- SOAP
- RAZOR
- SHAVING-BRUSH AND SOAP
- TOOTH-BRUSH AND POWDER
- HAIR-BRUSH AND COMB
- CLOTHES-BRUSH

CLEANING KIT—
- POLISHING RAGS, LEATHER AND
- METAL POLISH
- BOOT POLISH
- DUBBIN
- PIPECLAY (if used)
- BUTTON STICK

MPLETE SHORT STORY.

RIGG THE ROMANTIC

Y BERNARD MACKLIN.

e have all of us read in us forms the story of the hearted young gentleman who had such faith in Providence that he trusted to a racehorse to retrieve the fortunes of the y, to provide funds adequately to repair the ted Grange, and, in addition, to release the teous maiden of his choice from the machina- of the deep-dyed villain, who had a million on something else in the race that got hope- beaten in the glorious triumphant end.

rough these tales of old there runs a thread mance, and Cupid, in the company of the teous maiden, casts his spell over horsecloths linkers, martingales and stamp-paper saddles. launts Fate and upsets the schemes of wily ns; he catches dishonest stable boys napping frustrates the nefarious designs of the pro- onal "nobbler" of Derby favourites.

r all that there is a hollow improbability t it that fairly sticks on the palate of those e taste in literature, if not pedantic, yet bars uch of that which is so practically impossible it rings as false as an obviously home-made upon the counter of a jellied-eel stall on by Day.

at class of drama, although it meets with the oval of the young "sportsman" who has a nny accumulator per diem on the off chance a "merchant" who hides his countenance as possible from the public gaze, is, when sed, a thing of surpassing humour to those as professional backers, religiously stick to the Favourite System and uncaring of tips and d things," manage to keep body, soul, and xpenses sheet together on a set sum per day. ese men of Gath know too much of the inner of the Turf to believe that the trainer's blue- daughter could ever in actual fact be married e sporting baronet. Trainers' daughters, they , are practical enough in these sordid days refer a man who does not know one end of a course from the other. A racing-man's opinion ther racing-men is only to be compared what the other racing-men think of *him*— h is not saying much—so it is foolish to sup- that the old lord who has a few classic ers in training would ever hand his daughter a dowry to a youth who "trained on" a year-old plater to become a winner of the t Gold Cup.

he said old nobleman would suspect the youth he ancient game of running horses in races ely for the beneficial air that always blows nd the starting-gate when there are two ers" in a field of ten.

et there is one "regular" on the Turf to-day in the intervals of taking the odds to win him customary five-pound note on the day, moons ut the scandalised Ring looking for the True hance.

requently he has confided to me that he only hes that our race-meetings were converted tourneys, so that Danny Maher could be a ght, setting his lance in rest against Bernard on on some fine charger at catch-weights. As ays, a man would at least have the satisfaction eeing the gore of the misguided tilter who him his money. At least that is how he— g—put it to me.

et some! o v I know that he is not particular to period. He does not really want to see nny Maher or Bernard Dillon thus glorified on y caparisoned chargers. But put Theophilus g in their place, and it is another tale!

t Ascot you will see him fairly hanging about gate that leads from the feminine-crushed ng to the carriage enclosure. He is only ting for a providential muddy day to do the ilter Raleigh act, hoping to receive in payment mile that may pleasantly haunt him for the rest his days. . . . Then I can gauge his com- ition so easily—he will sit on the rails of the erted racecourse, gaze at the purple-pink- cked sky where traces of the setting sun's rays remain and indulge in what Rudyard Kipling

so adequately described as the "tender twilight feeling."

Because I allow him to have a heart—and racing men will not concede that which even a cauliflower possesses to Rigg, their brother—Rigg has oft taken me into his confidence.

Being a Turf acquaintance of a leading musical-comedy light, who owns (sensibly) a theatre and (idiotically) a string of racehorses, it was his privilege on one occasion to be called up and introduced to a lady whose name has figured prominently on the Turf. This lady merely asked of Rigg that he should lend her his programme, so that she might see, by comparison with the number-board, the runners.

She marked that programme. Rigg carries it with him in his breast pocket to this day. He brings it out and gazes at it sometimes when a race is in progress and the eyes and field-glasses of the whole of the course, from Tattersall's to the tank, are turned on the horses. He replaces it 'ere they shout the winner home and offer any odds against the favourite. That programme stands for much to Rigg. "She" is of course far beyond his reach. Rigg, like Mr. Guppy, delights to tear himself with the recollection.

But it was after a Doncaster meeting that I realised the depth of Rigg's romantic temperament. It was the day of Your Majesty's Leger, and for once the favourite had obliged everyone by winning in the proverbial walk after giving some of the least observant something of a fright at the distance.

Thus, Rigg's necessary favourite had come home after the day had threatened to look somewhat murky for the First Favourite System.

We merely waited to see Canonite beaten by Tor-bay in the two-year-old race that followed, and then decided to catch the 4.40 Londonwards.

Previous to this, however, Rigg carefully went to the Post-office (after a drink at "The Elephant") and posted all his money with the exception of a few odd shillings, in a registered envelope addressed to himself at his Streatham residence.

It is thus that he severely sits on his passion for playing solo whist in race trains. Every racing regular has had instructions from Rigg himself never by any chance to lend him money on a train journey on any pretext.

He has warned the whole racing army repeatedly in his sane moments that not a penny of money so lent would he ever refund. For when Rigg sat down to play solo whist it seemed that the devil himself ordained that he should sit with a hand which afforded admirable opportunities for "leading through" and "cross-trumping."

Therefore, he got into that train with just sufficient to pay for his dinner and his train fare home to Streatham.

The train, as one had to miss the two last races to catch it, was but sparsely filled, and only a dozen or so of the ultra-respectable "heads" who, like ourselves, were cutting the week short, went Londonwards by it. It was the boat train to "Harwich and The Hook," starting, I believe, from York, the only people represented strongly being those who were going across the water that night by one of the Great Eastern's boats.

We sat quietly and blissfully doing nothing. At the end of our corridor carriage most of the "heads" were playing the eternal solo, while Theophilus Rigg, ever the picture of the best class of young Englishman, merely glanced at the scenery.

A notice above us warned us that smoking before dinner was served aboard the train would be considered a discourtesy by the excellent Mr. Amendt. So we settled back in our comfortable seats and watched the passing panorama as we rumbled largely through the dusk into the fair county of Lincolnshire, forgetful of the roar of the Ring, the horses that strove for victory, the thick comment of the Doncaster "la-ads" when some equine champion succumbed to superior speed.

All these things were not for Theophilus Rigg. I could see him regarding the mellow softness of the sky's tinting, the merging pinks and palest greens.

Rigg, the racing man, was Rigg the Romantic again.

We had, I believe, run past Grantham when, awaking from a reverie, I caught a glimpse of Rigg's clean-cut features set into ecstasy.

"What a picture of true English maidenhood!" he whispered to me, reverently.

I followed his gaze. . . . She sat on the opposite side. She was not the sort that makes one gasp with admiration. She was not bedecked with the latest creations of the West-End; she was not covered with jewellery. Her light hair, her modestly-fringed cast-down eyes, her peerless features that were without blemish—and seventeen at the most! She was of the type that by its very purity of outline makes a man think of a small country house, a life of honest simplicity, a banishment of the "smart" things—sayings and women—of this world. She was like a cool spray on a heated brow.

I allowed myself to echo Rigg's sentiments.

"From a Yorkshire farm," I suggested.

"Or a Doncaster gentleman's house. *Her* father——"

"Would not attend a race-meeting ——"

"No."

We relapsed into silence which may have lasted five minutes or fifty.

Then—I remember it as in a haze—a white-coated company's servant came to tell us that dinner was about to be served in the saloon. He was even privileged to make the same announcement to her.

We followed and fell into line behind her, much as courtiers follow a young queen. I will swear that Rigg's handsome head was bent reverently.

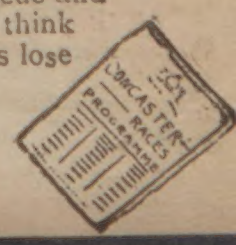
Corridor train dining-tables seat four. I sat next to Rigg. Opposite us was the beautiful English miss. It fell to Rigg to pass the bread-basket, which in his nervousness he naturally allowed to slip out of his limp grasp. There was laughter—and it was done. Those good rolls of bread introduced us.

Rigg has travelled a good deal. The race-courses of Belgium, France, and Germany know him. The conversation wafted as a gentle breeze from bread to Belgium, from butter to Baden-Baden, from turbot to Vymuchen.

And then—of course, we had seen it all along—she was crossing from Harwich to The Hook that night and thence to Bonn-on-the-Rhine in Germany, where a certain doctor with an unpronounceable name kept a school for the daughters of English gentlemen. It was her last year of schooling. The good doctor, it appeared, was an expert upon the piano. He was going to add polish to her playing.

I could see it in Rigg's eyes as she said this. He was imagining her playing those polished pieces of the good doctor's instruction to that lucky man who should one day be brave enough to inform the English gentleman, her father, that he wished to make her his wife. Rigg, it was plain, was saying to himself, "If only *I*——"

But reason must have come to the rescue and reminded him exactly what *her* father would think of a "common racing man." I saw his eyes lose



their light. He was wishing that he were only a respectable grocer with a small but improving business. Anything would be better than a connection with the Sport of Kings.

I questioned her lightly about her crossing, and simply she said that she was going all that way *alone!*

Rigg paled a little and—he might have been Sir Lancelot as he said :

"I am an old traveller. May I have the honour of escorting you to Bonn?"

She looked up brightly.

"Thank you," said she. It was not conventional, I know ; but one does not expect conventionality from angels. Doubtless, too, she imagined Bonn to be a few miles out of Rigg's Continental way.

Ten minutes later Rigg was scouring the train trying in vain to raise the fare to Bonn and back from the various heads, who quoted and requoted to him his fiat that *not one penny lent him on a railway journey, on any pretext, would he ever repay.*

As for me, I had had a bad day, and—it cuts me to write it—poor Rigg, who had at last met real Romance, had to let it break away from his powerless grasp.

Too mortified to explain the truth, he finished the journey in the very end coach of that long corridor train, prevented only by a sense of decency with regard to the Great Eastern Railway from committing violent suicide.

But it comes to me when sitting in the 4.40 train from Doncaster that our goddess-girl benefited by the experience. She learned to take the ardent promises of young men at their true worth, which, if based on a faulty estimate in this case, is bound to be extremely correct in many others.

TACTICS IN THE RING.

It is a recognised fact by all who really know that the vast superiority that the professional boxer enjoys over the amateur consists solely in his immeasurably subtler "ring-craft."

The amateur may have thoroughly mastered all the "hits," "guards," and so forth that exist in the art; but for all that, pitted-against even a third-rate professional, he is practically helpless.

A fault of the average amateur is over-keenness. He starts off at a great pace, trying to rush his man off his feet; and against another novice these tactics often pay.

But a "good-'un" regards them with contempt. He knows that the other is just tiring himself out, and that very soon the requisite opening will offer itself. Practically the one great secret of boxing may be summed up as follows: "Don't attack. Keep cool. Cultivate a strong 'counter' and 'cross-counter.' And if you have not time to guard a hit, remember that it is almost as good to step quickly back."

WHEN WATCHING CRICKET.

It is hard to understand why football should have gained so far greater a degree of popularity than our summer game, for from the spectator's point of view, the conditions under which cricket is watched are infinitely more alluring than those obtaining at football matches.

But there are points to remember when watching cricket which greatly increase one's comfort. First of all, avoid the seats if possible, and choose a dry piece of turf behind the ropes, whereon you can recline and gaze through field-glasses at your favourite batsmen. Go in your oldest flannels, take some sandwiches and a bottle or two of lemonade—or, if you prefer, a flask of whisky and water, which is, however, inadvisable on hot days—and you will be as happy as a pig in clover.

Lastly, choose a spot where you will have the sun in your eyes for the shortest possible time.

LONG DISTANCE SWIMMI

THE STROKE TO USE AND HOW TO PRACTISE IT.

I wonder how many of my readers have deliberately set out to swim a hundred yards. It seems a ridiculously short distance when you come to compare it with a cross-Channel swim, but to the average man, who considers himself a quite passable swimmer, it is not to be covered without a considerable amount of exertion and puffing and blowing.

Yet one hundred yards is almost reckoned by the practised swimmer, as by the runner, among the sprints. The distance has been done in a second or two under the minute, a fact which you will probably have grave doubts about when you come to try it yourself.

Most clubs, however, have a quarter-mile race among the events of the year, and this may legitimately be included among the long-distance races. It is as a general rule the longest race which is swum in swimming baths.

THE STAYER'S CHANCE.

Many clubs add to their annual programme an open-air race, usually a mile, in some convenient river, so that the man whose forte is rather staying power than speed, will have opportunities to distinguish himself and will have sufficient incentive to practise especially those strokes which are suited to long-distance swimming.

If it is simply a question of covering a certain distance at your leisure or of getting from one place to another, no doubt the easiest plan is to use every stroke in turn, interspersed with spells of floating on the back, but where speed is also a consideration such haphazard methods will be useless.

The one and only stroke for all but the expert in long-distance races is the over-arm side stroke. The average man cannot do more than one hundred yards at any pace with the trudgeon stroke, although experts may be able to cover miles with it, and it is used by some on the long swim through London.

TOO VIGOROUS.

The energy expended, however, and the necessity for exact timing of the breath make the trudgeon stroke one that is better kept for sprints and for water-polo by the ordinary swimmer.

The over-arm stroke should not, of course, be attempted until the breast-stroke has been mastered, for that is the basis of all swimming.

The body is turned over on the right or left side and the feet perform practically the same motions as with the breast stroke.

At the moment when they are separated, the under arm shoots out beyond the head, with the palm of the hand downward.

Then as the feet are brought together, the other arm comes out of the water and enters it above the head, while the under arm is brought downwards and back towards the hips.

The leg stroke is really far mo
tant than the arm stroke in attain
and it is worth while taking the t
learn the "Northern kick."

This is a short quick movement,
being kept straight as far as the kne
under leg being bent back so as t
to give a powerful kick while the up
kicked forward from the knee, so thi
cross each other like a pair of scisso

THE NORTHERN KICK.

The Northern kick is a compara
cent innovation, and is by no mean
acquire. The older method, howeve
compatible with a good fast pac
perhaps more tiring.

The older leg stroke resembled
with the breast stroke, the legs bei
up under the body and kicked
like the legs of a frog.

The drawing up of the thighs ag
water has the effect of checking th
motion of the body in a way
"Northern kick" does not check
the difference in the amount of
motion obtained is very small.

The side on which you swim is i
and is a matter for choice. Wolffe
his right side, and Jarvis, the ex-Cha
his left.

Swimming strokes are always di
describe in words, the over-arm str
of all, but a little practice will soon
correct action, and in any club the
be found loyal members who will de
time and trouble to the training up
blood to do credit to the club.

WHERE THE STROKE SCORES.

The advantage of the over-arm
side stroke as regards pace is ea
when you consider that the leadin
brought forward through the air i
through the water.

The art of managing the breat
only be learned by practice. The fa
under water almost all the time, onl
up to inhale. It is advisable to
exhale under water before the mou
above water.

The management of the breathing
the most important and the most diffic
that the swimmer has to learn. To
to inhale and to exhale during
period—for it should be only a sh
that the face is above water will le
taking of short breaths, which may d
sprinter, but not for the long
swimmer.

In conclusion, it may be useful to
the late Bernard Kieran, of Sydney,
mile in 23 minutes 16 4-5 seconds,
show the possibilities of human endu
note that in 1908 Burgess achieved
nel swim of close on 60 miles.

MARTIN CLA

A LETTER TO MY PARTNERS

S IS PURELY A PERSONAL MATTER, OF NO INTEREST WHATSOEVER EXCEPT TO SHAREHOLDERS IN "THE MODERN MAN," LIMITED.

or some time past, as you know, I have dealing with the business side of the in "My Notebook," but I scarcely that I ought to continue to do so, for are many who regard this paper only as it of reading matter, and are not inted in it in a business way. This week ve eliminated from "My Notebook" all rence to business, but I want particularly ave a chat with those of my readers who become shareholders in THE MODERN LIMITED, and who are, therefore, my ers.

e first and foremost thing that I would of you is to give me the straight tip if y time you think, which I sincerely trust never will, that the literary matter pro- d is not of the most acceptable character.

EED FOR ADVICE.

chief proprietor of the paper and also ditor, it is, of course, my interest as well y duty to do my utmost to secure the most ble stories and articles obtainable. The tion of the price paid for them is a ndary consideration, for experience has n me that success in this direction lies y in one's instinct for selection.

is very difficult, however, as I think I already mentioned to you, to know pre- when readers have become tired of a in series of stories or articles.

editor uses his judgment in a matter this and closes down a series when he that his public has had enough of it, n editor is only human, and he lacks the e gift of omniscience. In many cases he closes down a series he is inundated protests from readers who seem to have t the paper for that series and for that

RS AND PARTNERS.

wishes they had spoken sooner, but he es the fact that it was kind of them to at all, for when they have paid their for their paper their obligation to him s and anything else they may do for him e way of advice or assistance is purely itous and friendly. He has no right to for it or to expect it from his ordinary rs.

ask you, however, my partners, to give your advice constantly. You have no how difficult it is to edit a paper like this ssfully, and you have no idea how help- t is to receive the kindly criticism and e of readers who understand the spirit e paper and who have its welfare at

u, by your investments in my business, proved in the most substantial manner you believe in the paper and in me. I ou to assist me with your counsel.

YOU LIKE—OR DON'T.

is impossible to produce a paper that l be pleasing to everybody. I believe it o impossible to produce an interesting that would be offensive to no one. My is to compile each week a number that be better than the last, and if you will e from time to time the things that you and the things that you dislike, it will me immensely in my task.

work is not by any means light; your e, if you will be good enough to give it will make my labours easier.

Several of my partners, to whom I have already replied by post, have asked me how they could further the interests of the paper in a practical way with regard to newsagents.

Newsagents have been my very good friends, and I am glad to know that many of them, having watched the growth of this paper in the very essential matter of sales, have become my partners, but I regret to say that there are many others in the trade who are by no means progressive.

WORKING ON TRADITION.

The posters they exhibit are those of papers which had a large circulation four or five years ago, but which have now scarcely any circulation at all. They have got into the habit of showing these posters, and they would not think that their shop-front was properly furnished unless these appeared. As to showing the poster of a comparatively new paper such as this—for THE MODERN MAN has not been in existence for quite two years—they would consider that they were wasting their hoarding space.

Here is precisely the place where you can help the business forward. If in your district there is a newsagent who does not show THE MODERN MAN poster, persuade him to do so for one week, as an experiment.

If you will drop me a postcard, giving me his name and address and telling me that he has consented to make this experiment, I shall be most happy to send him a poster free of all cost, direct from our publishing department.

To secure the best result you should buy this paper from him for a week or two, so that he comes to regard you as one of his "regulars," whom he would be sorry to lose, and after you have established a definite influence with him, you might broach the subject of exhibiting the poster.

Tell him, which is an absolute fact, that wherever newsagents have shown our poster they have doubled and even trebled their sales; tell him also that he need not rely upon his wholesale house to send him a poster with his copies, for we shall be happy to send him one direct and post free if he will show it.

YOUR PART.

If *you* are prepared to take this trouble you will do much to increase the sale of THE MODERN MAN in your district. Other shareholders will be doing the same in other districts.

There is another way in which very many of you can help me.

I am glad to say that amongst my partners I number men of every social class and in all positions in the world of business. There are, of course, many who have no special opportunity of introducing the paper to new readers, but there are others, such as managers of works, captains of cricket clubs, and so forth, who have special facilities for introducing the paper to those who have not already become acquainted with it.

If you have the power to which I refer, you may rely upon my backing you up in every possible respect at this end. There is no better way of introducing THE MODERN MAN than to show a non-reader a copy of it. I shall be most happy to send you, carriage paid, to your door, any number of specimen copies, within reason, of course, if you can see your way to distribute them to advantage.

PULLING ALL TOGETHER.

Beyond these few hints—the courtesy of your criticism of my own work, the persuading of newsagents to show our posters, and the distribution of specimen copies amongst likely readers—I do not think that there is very much that I can tell you at the moment.

The great thing is to remember that you are in the business with me, and that to secure the best results we must all pull together.

I can assure you that I, on my part, am not by any means taking things easy.

Trusting to hear from you, and with my kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely,

THE EDITOR.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver-tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge (Actual Size)

IN DEFENCE OF BONNY SCOTLAND

Oh, Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child.
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires!

—SCOTT.

Scott, the greatest artist whom Scotland has ever produced, gives in the above verse the reason that prompts my writing.

It is the last line of the verse that must strike the key-note of my meaning. We are all biassed, we all have according to our temperament a love of our native country. The Scotsman is essentially a wanderer. Admittedly, he is one of our most successful colonists, and his invasion of England and his occupation of the highest official and ecclesiastical posts therein is a notorious fact. And yet although it is so, his heart is always back in Bonny Scotland.

In itself Scotland is one of the most undesirable places on God's good earth. It is barren, rugged, cold, uncomfortable—the architecture of the houses even partakes of the nature of the climate and the people. The houses are built to stand the stress of a storm; there is no attempt to make them pretty or attractive, as you find in English houses.

The Scotsman, driven generally by his impulse of ambition, migrates elsewhere, often to England. There he finds, almost with a shock, that things have been reduced to a plane that he would scarcely have thought possible. Up in the North we struggled and fought, our mothers making sacrifices on our behalf, and we fighting to the utmost of our ability, to get on.

ENGLISH CONTENTEDNESS.

In England people appear to be perfectly content. A man with an income which we should think little of in the dear old country is perfectly satisfied in the south. He sets up his own little establishment, and a pretty one it is, and he lives his life contentedly.

It comes with a shock to us to discover that he should be happy. The Scotsman would not be happy with his income. He was born to struggle and to fight—he cannot understand the English capacity for content and satisfaction.

And yet he is sensible. He steps into another country and he accepts its people. It is the Scotch faculty of adaptation that has made the people one of the finest colonising nations of the world.

Other peoples come to a new country and bring with them and enforce their national traditions. The Scotsman always adapts himself to his surroundings. He has no false ideas as to going to England as a conqueror, for he knows very well that he has come south because there is more money south of the Border. He accepts the English people as they are, and endeavours to adapt himself to their ways.

THE SCOTSMAN'S ADAPTABILITY.

If he is sensible, he finds that their ways are in many respects vastly superior to his own. Occasionally you find a conceited Scotsman who imagines that his and no other is the right method, but usually the Scotsman is willing and anxious to learn, and it is because of that that he gets on so phenomenally well.

In England he finds many things that are strange to him—at first beyond his comprehension. He discovers, for example, that the struggle for life is less intense than it was in the North Country, and that men concentrate their energies not only upon making money, but also upon obtaining the passing and legitimate pleasures of life. Being anxious to learn, he accepts the principle, and he himself is usually found in the forefront of any organisation tending to social pleasure.

The Scotsman is a born humorist, for otherwise he would never have retained his reputation for being the reverse.

His reputation regarding work and his capacity for sticking to it is so well known, that in London to say you are a Scotsman in an application for a job is every bit as good as saying that you possess a University degree.

His reputation has not been established by trickery or fraud. When a tough time comes and extra work is to be done—with or without extra money—you can rely upon the Scotsman for sticking to you. Most Englishmen, and certainly all of them who are actively engaged in business, know the value of the Scotsman's work.

The Englishman—or at least every Englishman that matters—is invariably a thorough gentleman, and to twit a man concerning his nationality, if such twitting gave offence, would be as distasteful to him as to twit a man concerning the smallness of his income.

THE SENSE OF HUMOUR.

The Englishman chaffs the Scotsman on one or two points because he knows very well that they are not true. It is the custom with humorists to keep off the truth, for if you trespass on that you may give offence.

The Englishman chaffs the Scotsman with his lack of a sense of humour. Since Harry Lauder became the leading comedian on the London music-hall stage this English joke has been more difficult, but it is an undoubted fact that the Scotsman will not laugh at a joke that will move the Englishman almost to tears of merriment.

The Scotsman is hard, calculating, and critical. If a joke made in his hearing is a good one, he will laugh and applaud with the best; he is not a hypocrite, and he will not pretend to enjoy humour that he does not appreciate.

It is popularly said in the music-hall profession that a comedian who goes down well in Scotland has a fortune in his hands. It is not that the people are unsympathetic, but that they are critical.

The English audience goes to a theatre determined to laugh at all hazards; the Scotch audience goes almost as it goes to church, and it has to be persuaded almost against its better judgment into laughter.

MEANNESS.

Another thing with which the Englishman sometimes twits the Scotsman is his meanness. He does it because he knows that it does not really exist. The Englishman is above all things a good-hearted chap, and if he thought that the Scotsman was really mean, he would simply treat him as an outsider and would leave him alone.

It is because he realises that he is not mean that he twits him about it. Any joke in which are mentioned "Sandy" and "bawbee" will raise a laugh south of the Border, but there is an equal laugh north of it, every bit as hearty, though perhaps less visible.

The Scotsman is the last person on earth to become a cadger. If a compliment has been offered to him, he feels it not only a pleasure but almost a sacred duty to return it. He is a fighter essentially, and to be obliged is painful to him. As for being mean, his instinct is invariably to go one stage further than would have been expected.

Sometimes he refuses an invitation, but that is because he knows the state of his finances, and knows that he cannot afford a similar co in return. It is only by the most ign English people that he is put down mean; they suggest that he grudges his fare, whereas what he was really thinki was his inability to return the invitation offered to him.

BROTHERS.

It is difficult in an article like this to d nation without blackening another. As man who has sojourned in England fo years, I would say that I find Englishm bit as good at heart as Scotsmen; the t the Scotsman has to learn is to appreci make allowance for national difference of It is well in these days that the Scotsma be accepted cordially in London and in parts of England—and it is so. The fu at him is good-humoured fun.

The Englishman accepts the Scotsm friend and brother, and perhaps the on back to an absolute and complete persona between the two is the fact that the Sc heart is always back in his own coun comes south and makes money, but there appears to him a vision of the littl once was—poor, struggling—but in Scotl

Scotland is to him a place sacred. Al hopes to return to it before the end of his

Of course, it is only national preju vanity, but the Scotsman feels it, and i that the feeling helps him in his work.

D. F. STE

THE ART OF INVECTIVE.

"'Ere! You——!!! * * *! W —— 'ell's this?"

That is what the rubicund cabman you when he finds that you have on him a beggarly sixpence above his exa fare, and the volubility with which he up his amiable inquiry surprises you. all probability you are not as expert in the art of invective. And it is in suc that you bewail this fact.

If you want to swear really effective in all the expletives you know into o sentence, as meaningless as you li *don't leave off*. The ability to keep all your breath is gone is the real se forceful swearing.

The words you use may be quite ba it is the volubility that counts.

A FIELD DAY WITH YOUR PI

Every man who is not ultra-metho bound to come upon a day when eve of his many pipes is so clogged with n or so indescribably filthy inside the bow be entirely unsmokable. And in nine co of ten, he registers an inward determina clean one or two of them sometime o and, in the meantime, sallies forth to new one.

But it is not at all a bad plan perio say once a month or so, to have a field day among your pipes. The quie of a Sunday afternoon, when there is do, and boredom seems imminent, is suitable time for it.

Provide yourself with a bundle of feathers, specially sold for pipe-cleanin poses, and obtainable at any tobacconis with these clean out the nicotine fro your pipes one after the other.

Then give an eye to the insides bowls. Probably these will be so charr coated with burned tobacco that there hardly any room in them, so they should scraped out. One can buy special "scra for a penny or so, but your sister's s will do just as well. It will be best, ever, to keep out of her way for some time afterwards.

By the way, when scraping out well-c briars in this way, great care should exercised, as an old bowl is very li be cracked in the process.

A PURELY INFORMAL EPISODE.

TROOPER KERNAHAN, R.N.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

rom the landing stage of Brermouth's pier had watched them pass daily out beyond sands; watched them—the swift cruisers, black destroyers, slinking past—until they to wonder.

There's some purpose," Carteret had re- ed (and this was a straw-hatted mufti- Carteret leaning over the iron rail), "in his policing."

that frequent observation Hall, hen, Kernahan (and, on certain days, one ander), had echoed "There must be." ecause it was given to them to realise tly how small and immaterial they were, of a million rivets in the armour of nce, they could yet gaze with some slight cipating pride upon the battleships that ed beyond the creaming breakers of the s far out in the grey of the North Sea.

was at mounted drill upon the seaward as that Trooper Carteret, all important, the news to them. He had had it t from the man who cut out things with ors, wrote up the police courts, and ac- ely reported the Council meetings for the papers.

was an estimable man, with a lack of ination which made him a good worker is own field. Upon his word Carteret ever rely whether it was advance re- of the inspecting Brigadier General's al remarks anent the efficiency or lack of the King's Own, or such extracts from Bisley flimsies as affected local shots.

e Squadron—Carteret had ridden up late ual—was drawn up a-horse into line, and, g in on the left, Carteret hissed the along.

angton of the 'Press' told me—flotilla estroyers, three cruisers, and a battleship ted to anchor off here to-night. Pass it Alexander."

Sergeant-Major chose that moment to them into sections at the trot, yet ere had formed file and been faced about line again, every man of the troop knew d, moreover, Carteret had been face- y asked whether his old friend, Admiral lie Beresford, was likely to turn up for ccasion.

e's too busy slayin' McKenna," Carteret d, and that observation got as far as per Kernahan, who, bereft of his usual s, was riding, splendidly alone, in the ity of Troop leader.

at afternoon the sun was passing hot he Sergeant-Major merciful. Wherefore, the order to dismiss came, not a horse the suspicion of a sweating gallop— was, of course, precisely why all the young gentlemen with an irrepressible r for showing off *upon all possible ions* proceeded promptly to race by the of Brermouth's course.

They'll know better by an' by," said ahan, as with Stephen, Carteret, Hall, Alexander—dusty and sun-tanned yeomen rode off the springy turf at an easy trot. fore them the golden-domed Pavilions rermouth in its gayest summer costume d back the sun that shone in the cloud- blue upon a parade crowded with ay-makers, who cheerily threw them the t jest anent England's last hope as they past—and then, holiday-makerwise, d to admire them.

ur true Englishman, and he is of the mon people," does not care to appear t about anything military until the t of war," mentioned by one William speare, sounds in his ears.

at evening Troopers Kernahan, Carteret, en, and Kernahan's Trooper from the Strand, Alexander, hung over the rail and watched the black destroyers out at sea.

They had appeared somewhere during the interval when all Brermouth, including its troop of Yeomanry, was at tea.

Silently, as they knew how, they had almost stolen to their anchorage and lay out, black and grey hulls, on the pellucid greeny blue that reflected the pre-sunset sky, a mile beyond the Pier head.

From the side of a slim and graceful cruiser, built obviously for speed, a grey-hulled steam pinnace was lowered.

"Supplies," said Kernahan, who imagined himself *au fait* with everything naval. For some time he had been conversationally steeping his companions in such bewildering things as water-tight doors, dynamos, quick-firers, torpedo tubes, naval rankings, the personnel of torpedo destroyers, and the like.

"The old programme, I suppose," said Carteret, who affected to be a cynic. "Search-light display for the benefit of a section of the British public on its little holiday, 'Opin' as you'll tell all your friends if we please you. If not, refrain from petitionin' the First Lord of the Admiralty.'"

"Idiot," said Alexander unkindly. "Don't you know they're on manœuvres?"

"Red Fleet rendezvousin' here," Kernahan put in, classically.

Alexander searched that brain of his that had long since learned to absorb detail and turn it to the best account.

"*Sapphire*, *Carthage*, and *Invulnerable*, second-class cruisers," said he, with decision. "First-class cruisers, of course, have gone on, escorted by half the Red Fleet's destroyer flotilla."

"How do I know that?" asked Stephen.

"Remembering my morning paper, laddie, and subtracting three cruisers from six, three of which were first-class. Three second-class are lying out there. Fastest cruisers, of course, have gone on. It's easy to remember the names of the others."

"Half a shake," said Kernahan, suddenly. "Did you say *Sapphire*, Alexander? Well, now—er—look here. (Shut up hackin' my ankle, Stevie!)"

"We've had enough of your blessed Navy talk. It's one thing to have a pal in the Navy, but *quite* another, dear boy, to quote all you can bally well remember of a fortnight of his society," said Stephen. "During his stay in Brermouth, *I* heard enough of what he called detonators and heavy guns to make me cat for a month. You'd have thought that that Walmsey chap was a Lord Gawd Almighty Admiral instead of a mere Gunnery-Lieutenant."

"*I* liked him. *You*, Stevie, know nothin' about the Navy beyond its bloomin' search-light displays, and a' 'Life on the Ocean Wave' played while the Bioscope shows motion-pictures of 'Gunnery Practice aboard a *Dreadnought*.' I liked him——"

"Wasn't unlike *you* to gaze upon, either," said Alexander. "'Member when the old lady on the pier took you for brothers and thought it was so nice that one of you should be in the Army and the other in the Navy?"

"*She* thought we were good-lookin', too!"

"Good-lookin' pigs!" said Stephen tersely.

"Thanks. Have that with *me*," said Kernahan. . . . "Wonder whether this is the *Sapphire's* pinnace, though," he added, absently.

The importantly puffing little boat was nearing rapidly.

"It is, by gosh!" said Kernahan, immediately all excitement.

"How do *you* know?" asked Carteret.

"Why—you wouldn't let me get it out," said Kernahan, "but the *Sapphire* is the name of the boat that Walmsey has just been transferred to, and, my bonny boys, if *that* isn't Ledworth Walmsey, *my* name isn't Kernahan!"

The three stared into the bows of the pinnace which rose on the swell by the landing stage, the throb of its engines stilled, and a marine standing, with boat-hook out, on a forward locker.

Kernahan waved his straw hat, and two seconds later he was enthusiastically shaking by the hand a fair-haired, bronzed young man, much of his own stature.

"Here we are again, as they say in the pantomimes," said the lately-promoted Lieutenant Walmsey. "This beats cock-fightin', but—suspectin' things like—I've long ago favoured Mr. Wickliff here with all instructions in case of my defection. Wickliff!"

"Sir?"

"Navigate as per orders."

"Right, sir!" The massive Wickliff confidentially turned to Kernahan. "For everyone's sake, sir," said he; "see that Mr. Walmsey is on this landin' stage at nine."

"Navy always *does* ask a bit too much," said Carteret. "Little while ago it was eight Dreadnoughts. Now it's Walmsey at nine."

* * * * * * *

Very much later on—next morning, to be exact—it was Mr. Walmsey who held forth to an assembly of choice spirits in the kindly shelter of the chart-room forward, aboard the good ship *Sapphire*. They had captured that dry-nurse of Admiralty sucklings, Wickliff, and where Mr. Walmsey failed it was his part, as in their scheme of existence, to take up the tale.

"Havin' told you about my friendship with young Kernahan, of Brermouth (which thank the powers we're now leavin' far astern)"—the *Sapphire* was shaking herself clear of the choppy sea, steaming beyond the Brermouth Roads to deep water—"there's no need to tell you chaps that when I met him, I could see without taking observations that I'd navigated from Arctic to Tropical at the rate of about a degree a minute.

"He had some pals of his with him, Carteret, Stephen and Alexander—all decent chaps, *thoroughly* decent, the sort who let you go thus far astray and no further if you sail under their orders. We dipped pennants, and there you were—off we went——"

"Prizes?" asked a Mr. Duncan, winking.

"Well, yes, that was my giddy idea naturally, but it didn't seem to catch on. The Confederacy—they're giddy Communists on the quiet—reckon with old Kitchener, that a soldier tied up with the women folk is a soldier spoiled. Well, we can't meet 'em

strollin' round the bow quick-firers, can we?"

"No. Worse luck, gentlemen," said the massive Wickliff, for whom every port presented the customary possession attributed to sailors.

"Oh *you*. You're a bloomin' bigamist, Wick," said Walmsey, scathingly. "But to continue. I'd arranged with Wick, here, to attend to the loaves of bread orders if I should happen to meet any of the b-hoys. First chaps I clapped eyes on hanging gracefully over the port rails of the pier were Kernahan and Co."

"I navigated accordin' to orders, executin' same at the double *as* instructed," Wickliff put in. "Prayin' simultaneous that this young bli—gentleman I mean—would remember that the bloomin' British Navy was waitin' for him, yet knowin' quite well the precise port for which he was steerin'."

"Which was *not* the island," Mr. Duncan suggested, "where the girls are few."

"Rather *not*, my beloved ploughmen of the vasty deep."

Accommodating himself to a heaving swell as the *Sapphire* cut out into the greenish-grey of the deep North Sea, Walmsey continued with his narrative. "They—the King's Own chaps—were beautifully ready to entertain me as fitted a guest. My word was law. You don't usually catch their mine droppin' under the bows of the fair sex in Brermouth but, with due reservations, they consented to accompany me to just about the most spiffin' dancin' rooms all round the coast of this Island.

"As Kernahan prophesied, my uniform made me the success of the evenin'."

"The beau of the bob hop," someone put in unkindly.

"All correct."

"Glorious auburn hair, blue eyes. I know your sort, sir," Wickliff hazarded.

"Wrong, Wickliff. We are not similar in our tastes. She had brown hair, I think, and her eyes ——"

"Were like twin stars," came a poetic suggestion.

"I won't have the lady laughed about. She—it never occurred to me to ask her name ——"

"Or to her to ask yours, eh?" said Wickliff. "Correct, sir, all correct. So many names would be hard to remember in the course of a cruise."

"You speak for yourself, Wick. . . . Well, anyhow, the boys, pleadin' pre-engagements, left me in the thick of it, promisin' to return at 8.30 to haul me out of it. Accordingly, when I was in the middle of a set of lancers, I saw them look in at the doors. Well, I'd had a regular rippin' set of Lancers and we encored the chain like mad. You know the sort of thing. I waved my flipper to the boys and observed 'em talking very, very seriously to 'emse..es. It appears they know that when we get ashore we go sort of balmy ——"

"As if all the world didn't know that," said a future admiral. "Anyway you do in particular, old Walmsey."

"Many thanks. Anyhow, my line after that set of Lancers was—er——"

"Briefly, French leave," Mr. Wickliff put in.

"No, Wick. I *considered* I had shore-goin' leave until the giddy picket boat sailed from the pier-head with the rest of the chaps at six a.m."

"In the meantime," Wickliff observed, "it is to be presumed that you forgot you were in charge of the *Sapphire's* steam pinnace, sir?"

"More or less, perhaps. But Kernahan didn't—and anyhow *I* thought it worth a wiggin' if intercepted. I had a good excuse, and I said so. . . . I remember that Alexander chap standin' nearby in the Dancin' Hall's cloak-room."

"'I thought,' said he, 'that Territorials on the bust were *the* limit, but commend me now to the Royal Navy.'

"All this time old Kernahan was fancifully trying on my cap.

"'Chuck me your jacket,' says he suddenly. I obeyed orders.

"'Well,' says young Carteret, 'hanged if you don't make the A1 Lootenant Kernahan!'

"'And in the words of the old lady on the pier,' says Alexander, 'you might well be taken for brothers—but the good looks I fail to see.'

"'That's a pity,' says old Kernahan, 'for as I shall only have to tumble in among the other chaps of my own alleged ranking, and report myself to no one, I'm taking Walmsey's place until the picket boat goes off from the *Sapphire* in the mornin'! Give me a note of introduction to the others, Walmsey,' says he.

"'Your face 'll supply that,' says I, 'and Wickliff 'll do the rest. Be sure to tell the chaps, especially old Duncan, that I shall turn up like the bad penny with the shore-leave men in the mornin'.'

"That's what I said, and then bunked off, to find my pretty partner at the ball, in Kernahan's navy blue, but gold-braid-less jacket.

"Her love for me," Walmsey concluded, "seemed to fade like a beautiful dream, or I believe I should have deserted and left Kernahan to take my place on the ship."

"He could have done that no doubt, from what I saw of him," said Duncan reminiscently, "but what price the poor King's Own without him?"

POLO PONIES.

Where do polo ponies come from? Polo was brought to England from India, where it has been played for centuries, about 1870 by the officers of the 10th Hussars. They rode the chargers and played with hockey sticks and billiard balls! For some time after this polo in England was played on small horses running up to fifteen hands and more.

Most of our best polo ponies have a strain of Arab blood in them.

The wilds of Dartmoor and Exmoor, the recesses of the New Forest, the mountains of North and South Wales, the remote Shetlands, and the bogs of Ireland were scoured, and their wild, rough-coated, long-tailed, shaggy denizens were taken away to be transformed into neat, natty polo ponies.

Since then, polo pony-breeding has been pursued on strictly scientific lines, the best strains of pure pony blood being crossed, and the big 14.4 ponies being mated with the 13 or 13.2 ones so as to try to arrive at the desired 14.2 standard.

Of late years, Irish-bred ponies have come into particular favour, while American and Argentine ponies have also many warm adherents. The American ponies certainly showed a clean pair of heels to the best we could put up last year.

Ponies seem to have been designed from the first to play polo, for the great majority of them take naturally to the game, and it is a fact that polo ponies turned out loose together will play imaginary games among themselves—galloping, twisting, turning, "riding each other off"—as if there were players on their backs and a ball to follow.

Given a pony of the right stamp, and assuming him to have been broken in to harness, a few weeks—sometimes even days—in the hands of a skilful rider will accustom him to stick and ball and make him fit to play in a game.

Among his many other virtues, the polo pony is usually delightful to ride or drive.

Charming ponies for ordinary use are often to be picked up cheap from among the "misfits" that are the exasperation of the polo pony-breeder's life.

JUST A MAN.

A ROUGH-DRAWN PORTRAIT.

He is just an ordinary sort of a ma
look at. Meeting him in the street you w
pass him by probably with but a c
glance, for he is just an ordinary so
everyday fellow—well-groomed, in loung
and a bowler.

He is clean-shaven. His eyes are
and penetrating; his lips thin and firm.
by no means handsome, nor even
looking, save as all clean healthy animal
good to look upon.

It is obvious that he loves the open
That upright carriage, those firm mu
that fine swinging gait, are not the resu
evenings spent in stuffy music-halls,
lounging around street corners.

The "gym." and the running track
that man. He is just clean and straight
strong, with the flush of health on his fac

The grip of his hand tells you what ma
of man he is. No flabby, fishy, half-he
handshake his. It warms the cockles of
heart by its genuineness. You feel stro
better, more cheerful just for gripping h
with him.

He is genuine, and that explains him.
He is glad to see you, and he makes
feel it, though he says so little. It is no
way to gush. It is seldom, indeed, that
open-air man is a talker. Those who
commune with nature rarely are.

You saw him yesterday; but if you had
met for years he would greet you in the
simple fashion. Though, like most Eng
men, he is not demonstrative, and does
show his feelings to all and sundry, h
nevertheless full of feeling.

He is a man of simple tastes and
hobbies.

He knows a good horse and can ride
and a good horse knows and feels him, w
is better.

He has very few ambitions, but all his
know that the dream of his life is to have
best piece of horseflesh in all England
that little stable at home. One of these
he will have it, too.

He is no bookworm, for he finds the b
of nature a never-failing source of amuse
and profit. He has brains; try him,
you'll find it is so.

What's that? Something of the brute a
him? Well, perhaps so. But I can
think of him as just a man. It is
ordinary everyday open-air brutes that are
back-bone of this old England of ours.

His best girl appreciates him at his
worth, and, though she does not ride,
cares nothing for dogs, she has the good s
to leave his hobbies alone. I think he
her all the better for it.

In his heart of hearts I believe
rather see her with a bit of muslin an
needle in her hands than posing as Diana
the hunting field.

He takes her out on summer evenings w
there's a soft light on the river that m
courting easy, without need of speech.

He has no parlour tricks; he's no ear
use at a whist drive, nor will you ever
him at a dance that calls itself fashiona
though I've seen him foot it merrily enc
at a country hop in an old barn.

Of course he is a Territorial. Suc
chance for masculine work was bound
appeal to him. About his Territorial life
even waxes openly enthusiastic. He put
some hard work too. It is no play-wor
him.

He is a clean liver, a fine pal, a he
brute.

And he has just enough tenderness of h
hidden away to make him just a man!

A. M. STEWAR

PICNICS.

PRACTICAL SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

e things most often forgotten in packing picnic basket are the salt, the mustard corkscrew.

u may make shift without the last-named, may even forget the knives, and still appy, for somebody has generally got a knife, but the absence of salt and mustard cast a blight over the cheeriest picnic .

o see to it that there are plenty of s. It may be delightfully romantic to apple-tart off a "hammy" plate, but, nally, though I may be unduly luxurious, fer my ham and apple-tart separate.

course, as picnics are always held near , plates can be washed, but it is a nce to have to do this between courses. w there are various kinds of picnics. e is the swagger, full dress sort of affair, the ladies in smart frocks, a table and s and servants in waiting. It has its s, but not for the average man.

en there is the other extreme when you pected to support existence for several s on a ham sandwich and a cup of wishy- y tea.

will take something in between, and a picnic. First of all, the grub. An at plan is for each man to bring his ontribution to the general feast, but be ul to arrange what each is to bring and, or you may find yourselves in ame plight that six of us did when each turned up proudly bearing a bottle of cial Scotch."

ld beef—either roast or boiled—ham, e, potted meat, sandwiches, veal and pies, and, if it will run to it, a cold en or two, are the main ingredients of ic menu.

regard to the cold meats you will save trouble and space if you buy them sliced at a ham and beef shop.

o with the chickens, it is better to mber them before starting, for it is by eans easy to carve a chicken when the keeps slithering about on the grass.

apple-tart is an agreeable "top-up" picnic, but it takes up a lot of room. A big hunk of cheese will usually take the of sweets, but don't get it too "fruity" will contaminate everything in the .

you want tea, teapot, kettle, salt, d, pepper, bread, biscuits, butter, milk, *and* saucers, plates, knives, forks, spoons, ea-spoons, napkins, though handkerchiefs do at a pinch, cake, jam, if you are g to risk the jar breaking and every- being jammed and damned, and now I think we have forgotten anything except orkscrew.

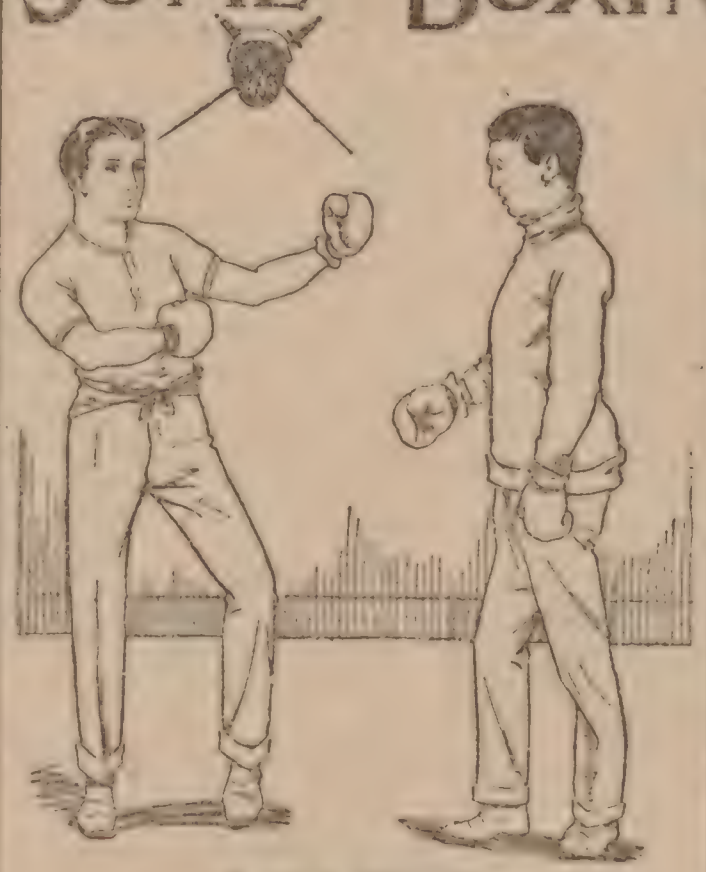
regard to drinkables, tumblers want very l packing and are pretty sure to get ed. On the other hand, I, personally, could appreciate beer out of a tin mug cup. If you have got any sporting s," they are the very thing. Failing it is a good plan to hire your glass indeed, all your crockery, at some shop the picnic.

nkables themselves are best bought y, too, if you have any distance to travel ain or road. Beer is *not* improved by jolted about in a basket.

e biggish boy's great problem is how to the liquids nice and cool. An obvious to plant them in a stream, but then watching if you are any distance . Take some strips of flannel with you, them in water, and wrap the bottles in re-wetting the flannel every time it be- dry, and your "drinks" will be as cool they had been kept in an ice-pail.

C. ROBOTHAM.

SOME BOXING ERRORS



By ALF. PHILLIPS

(The well-known boxer).

To make mistakes, we are told, is only human; so that to find an exponent of any sport whose style is innocent of a single fault, would be an impossible task. But it is a strange, though undeniable, fact that boxing is the sport in which the average man's execution is marked by the greatest number of important errors.

There are many keen natural boxers who are consistently beaten by men of far less actual ability and inclination than themselves, simply because they have never had the good luck to be cured of certain vital mistakes that are common at first to all beginners.

A very grave fault that mars the style of many an otherwise clever amateur is the habit of turning the left toe inwards. Put yourself into the boxing position, reader, and see if you are inclined to do this. If you are not, so much the better for you, for when you lead, as a little thought will make you understand, your left foot is bound to come into contact with your opponent's right foot, and this will throw you off your balance—momentarily, but quite long enough for a smart counter to send you down.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BALANCE.

Balance is a much more important consideration in boxing than most men appear to imagine. For instance, it is by no means an uncommon sight, outside expert circles, to see a man sparring with his feet ridiculously close together. Such a man's boxing cannot fail to be of the feeblest character, for he can put neither power into his attack nor agility into his getting away. And the lightest hit that gets home on him will knock him over. He is, in fact, like a statue without a pedestal.

But I hope that my remarking on this point will not cause any reader to go to the other extreme. To keep your legs too far apart is just as bad, if not worse. Try it, and you will see that, in this case again, you can neither advance nor retire effectively. You cannot sidestep and you cannot duck. With your legs very wide apart, you are practically standing still to be punched at.

THE RIGHT LEG.

While we are on the subject of the leg positions, we may point out that a very general error is bending the right leg. I do not mean that the right leg should be absolutely rigid. It should rest on the ball of the foot, supporting the whole weight of the body, and there should be just a slight degree of flection, enough to give elasticity to the movements. But many men affect a deplorable crouching attitude of the right leg—no doubt because they are unconsciously striving after a grimly energetic appearance—and in so doing, they are, in reality, only weakening what should be the natural base both of their attack and defence. Here, too, even a brush with their opponent's glove will upset the balance.

AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

Have you ever seen a man, otherwise undamaged, with his mouth pouring with blood during a boxing contest? In all probability you have, for it is a very ordinary sight. And in most cases it is because the boxer has neglected one of the most important boxing maxims, "Keep your mouth shut." If a man leaves his mouth open, a hit landed on his head will probably close his teeth on his lip or his tongue.

And probably the performance of spitting out broken teeth, which he has previously looked upon as an amusing comic paper joke, will at last become a reality.

The guard, in reality one of the simplest actions to perform correctly, is, nevertheless, so often wrongly executed that the most ordinary fault may well be mentioned here.

Many men knock away the arm of an opponent who is leading at them, and this is just the thing they should not do. The correct way to guard is simply an upward motion of the right forearm, which is at the same time turned slightly outwards, thus deflecting your adversary's blow with the fleshy part (not the bone) of the forearm. Correctly performed, there is no jarring impact of the two arms; but the error of turning the guard into a sort of back-hand blow is always very painful, and sometimes involves minor injuries.

HOW TO GUARD.

And, in connection with the guard, do not hold your arm in a cramped position over the diaphragm, as many ill-informed instructors and handbooks will advise you to do, "in order"—to use a very ordinary expression—"to protect the vulnerable 'wind.'" This is not the actual object of holding the right arm across, at all. The idea simply is to allow of your raising your right forearm, as directed above, with the greatest degree of convenience and effect.

Possibly a good many readers may wonder, at different times, why it is that though they have a good quick lead, they do not seem to be able to make the most of it. Somehow their leads never seem to tell. This is the case with very many amateur boxers, and there is a very clear reason for it.

They neglect to "follow up" their leads.

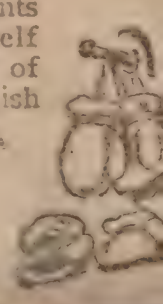
FOLLOWING UP.

Whenever you successfully land a lead with your left, do not lose a second in quickly planting your right as well, and as hard as you can.

In fact, with a really first-class pugilist the second blow follows so closely upon the first that the two seem almost simultaneous; and it is this, no doubt, that has given rise to the idea, very prevalent among the uninitiated, that it is good boxing to lead with both hands at once, a thing which is, of course, never done.

But the man who, on getting home a hit with the left does not immediately "follow up" with another, is giving points and points away, for whereas a man may pull himself together after the first hit, the combination of the two may very likely be enough to finish him.

ALFRED P. PHILLIPS.



TERRITORIAL TYRANTS

HOW LONG SHALL WE TOLERATE THEM?

There recently appeared in THE MODERN MAN, an article entitled "The Doom of the Territorial Force." It was a very able article, and expressed what those who had the interest of the Territorial Force at heart had long since been feeling. It pointed out that unless the cheese-paring methods of the War Office and the Treasury are altered, the Territorial Force cannot continue to exist.

There was one thing, however, that it did not touch upon, and that was the strange opposition that the Regular soldier, from private to Field Marshal, seems to feel towards his Territorial brother.

The reason why sufficient funds for the maintenance of the Territorial Force are not forthcoming, is because the officials at the War Office have the usual Regular's contempt for any form of voluntary service.

Notoriously the old Volunteer system was inefficient.

Several of our most eminent statesmen and soldiers put their heads together and devised the Territorial scheme.

It was an excellent scheme, acceptable to both political parties, and most acceptable to the young men of the country at large. There was nothing in its conditions to prevent the creation of an efficient army for home defence.

MEANT TO FAIL.

Things would have run smoothly and pleasantly had it not been for the War Office opposition. They did not mean the Territorial Force to become a success, and they are killing it by refusing to supply the necessary funds.

As I have said, the opposition of these officers is nothing more or less than an evidence of the general opposition of the Regular towards the man who serves his country in the Territorial Force.

How long the country will tolerate this remains to be seen. The War Office wants to kill the Territorial Force, in order to show that the voluntary system is useless. It is conscription they are after, and it is conscription we shall shortly have, unless these official tyrants can be put in their proper places.

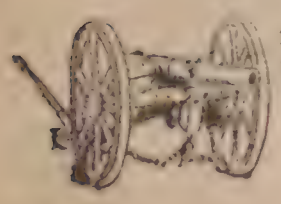
It is not, however, at the War Office only that the Territorial tyrant lives and flourishes. The Regular Army sends to each battalion two tyrants—the adjutant and the sergeant-major.

THE ADJUTANT'S OUTLOOK.

The adjutant has the usual prejudices of the Regular officer, and the very smallest faith in the talents of the Territorial officers with whom he is associated. He knows his work better than they do, and so he ought, for it is his profession.

In most cases he keeps the colonel absolutely under his thumb, and practically runs the show.

Usually he is not a man of the best type. Under existing conditions the Army officer has to be a man of considerable wealth, and very good fellows most of them are.



There are, however, one or two in every regiment who are "on the make," and it is to such that the appointment of adjutant falls, for the salary attached to such an appointment—£100 a year—does not appeal to the better class officer.

It may seem snobbish to suggest that the comparative poverty of the average adjutant should explain the reason for his being objectionable, but such is the case. He is a man who has had a struggle to make both ends meet in his own regiment, and he has become soured. He has not adopted a profession for which he is financially fitted.

He takes the opportunity offered to him in the Territorial Force of getting his own back, and he does it by making things generally unpleasant for the officers. He has position and authority, and he has military experience. His word, therefore, is strictly law, for even the colonel is afraid to contradict him in case he should be making, in one respect or another, a *faux pas*.

A CASE IN POINT.

Recently, there came within my notice a typical example of this kind of tyranny. It was in a North of England regiment which lacked officers.

The adjutant went away for a holiday and one of the majors did his work as acting-adjutant. He was an enthusiast, and he set about filling up the vacancies. During the month when the adjutant was absent he enrolled three very promising subalterns. They were keen on their work, intelligent, and acceptable to all the other officers.

When the adjutant returned from his holidays, he was furious to discover that any officer had been taken on without his knowledge, and he promptly set about making things as unpleasant as possible for these subalterns. The applications that they had already filled in were considered not to exist, simply because he had not seen them. The whole thing had to be done again, new certificates as to character and medical fitness had to be obtained, and these three young men were led to understand that they had better not do anything in the matter of ordering their uniforms until they heard officially.

UNNECESSARY SUSPENSE.

Eventually everything was put right and the appointment of the three subalterns was confirmed, but the adjutant had done much to undermine their enthusiasm. The man who is keen on military work is immensely bucked when he gets his commission, and his disappointment is all the greater when he discovers that there is a prospect of its being taken from him. It was unkind and absolutely unnecessary to put these three young soldiers in suspense, but the episode is only one typical of many bits of Territorial tyranny.

The adjutant bullies the officers and the sergeant-major bullies the men. Of course, there are exceptions, and some adjutants and some sergeant-majors are the best of good fellows; I am speaking of the average.

My experience of different regiments has been extensive, but it has never yet shown me a sergeant-major who was an efficient teacher.

To watch him in the riding school is lamentable. He can use blasphemous and insulting language, and he can make you trot without your stirrups for a quarter of [illegible] on end, and these things he does, but [illegible] not teach a recruit to ride, and it is [illegible] to observe the seat of anyone who [illegible] learned previously in a civilian scho[illegible]

The sergeant-major knows very w[illegible] he has his adjutant backing him. [illegible] officers he pretends a certain amount [illegible] spect, but it is transparently pretended [illegible] has for them, as for the men, a heart[illegible] tempt. Woe betide the young officer [illegible] putting in his recruit drills!

The sergeant-major has a long w[illegible] most of the horses in the school hav[illegible] know it. He stands at one end of the [illegible] and as the horses approach him they [illegible] from a trot to a canter or even a g[illegible] order to get out of the danger zone.

It is the simplest thing in the w[illegible] him to turn round suddenly and b[illegible] galloping horse to a standstill, and h[illegible] too if an officer happens to be on that [illegible] back.

The chances are ten to one that [illegible] pecks the dust, and the sergeant-m[illegible] then hypocritically solicitous as to wh[illegible] has been hurt, but there is a twinkle at the back of his eye that t[illegible] he meant it to happen.

THE BEST TEACHERS.

How different it is with the av[illegible] torial officer and non-commissioned [illegible] They know the difficulties of maki[illegible] living in a civilian way and also pu[illegible] drills. They also remember the difficu[illegible] learning, and instead of swearing [illegible] they devote their energy to showing [illegible] right way to do things. They are [illegible] teachers, because it is not very long [illegible] they themselves learned.

Would that the Territorial Force [illegible] re-organised, so that the two tyrants [illegible] Regular Army—the adjutant and the s[illegible] major—could be removed from it!

These two men tackle their work [illegible] master of arts with an honours degre[illegible] from the University, might be expe[illegible] treat a class of little boys, who were [illegible] ing their A B C.

They do not consider the work wo[illegible] their talents.

It would be a very good thing [illegible] Territorial movement if they were [illegible] of it.

H. BECKENHAM.

A RIVER COACHING HINT.

As most of our rowing readers will [illegible] it is a very ordinary thing to s[illegible] that has been doing consistently good [illegible] for a long time previous to a race, [illegible] show a lamentable deterioration in [illegible] end of their training. And we have [illegible] the authority of a well-known amateur [illegible] that there is an excellent reason for [illegible] reason which is, however, not [illegible] known.

You will often read in the papers [illegible] coach, after taking his crew for a [illegible] took out number five and number [illegible] heavyweights, for some additional w[illegible] tub. From this it is clear that the [illegible] question shares the conviction, common [illegible] majority of his colleagues, namely, that [illegible] bers five and six, the biggest and most [illegible] lar men in the boat, can stand the [illegible] amount of work.

But the rules regarding the relation [illegible] sique to stamina, if indeed there are [illegible] subject to so wide a degree of variation [illegible] to be singularly unreliable. Military [illegible] ence, indeed, teaches us that the most [illegible] ful-looking men are not those who can [illegible] the most work. So why not treat the [illegible] of all the crew as equal, and let them [illegible] do an equal amount?

Then the number of cases of [illegible] trained stale and then accused of [illegible] would be desirably diminished.

PLETE SHORT STORY.

A MUTUAL MISUNDERSTANDING

By R. D. CROMBIE.

getting late in the
on when Harvey Rivers,
e and bearing suggestive of a set purpose
s for quick accomplishment, passed down
in London suburban road of the severely
ve character, and, halting before one of
of substantial red-bricked residences,
his eyes over the windows with a glance
as positively hungry.
met nothing but neat, well-ordered
s and blinds, and he traversed the short
path hurriedly, and pressed the electric

aid servant whose face was unfamiliar
the summons.
" he thought. "Old servants gone!
much, I expect."
he said, "Is Miss Scott in?"
you come in, Sir?" she said, ignoring
tion, and leading the way to the drawing-
nto which she ushered him and closed the
ftly.

im, remembering his late intimacy with the
there was a hint of deliberate formality
the process. For some reason his heart

skirts rustled outside the door, and a lady
in, looking deliciously cool in a gown of
ging grey.
t really you, Harvey—and so early!" she
rdially. "This *is* delightful of you!"
ey had suddenly drawn himself up, and
nds clutching the brim of his straw hat,
ring in open amazement.
w do you do?" she said, advancing a soft,
and. There was just a trace of defiance in
es.

ook and pressed it.
!" he exclaimed. "But you knew it was
you came in."
course!" she said. "I saw you from the
r upstairs. How you do take things in
ride. But come and sit down. We can
nice long chat."
sank into a Chesterfield, the embodiment
elegant hostess, and looked up at him with
, engaging smile.
here's Winifred?" he demanded, still stand-

I believe she's out," Mrs. Scott returned
eyebrows jerked.
long will she be?"
dear!"—with a little shrug—"I don't

case," he said stiffly, "I don't think
necessity for me to remain."
a lady! This seems such an opportunity
pleasant confidences. Besides, I
nce you that my point of view is

I do, too," he said, "the interview will be
ing to you nor pleasant."
it the more attractive. Come

room for him beside her, and com-
self to listen in a style that was gracious,
a subtle suggestion of mockery.
—!" she said, the word terminating a
sigh of expectancy.
rs. Scott, I came here to see Winifred," he
with clear emphasis, "but I find you."
waited.
raised brows deprecated the wonder of the

here is she," he rapped out.
, I haven't the faintest conception.
you," she conceded, "I returned
ago, and Winifred has left the
because I have entered it."
her pretty hands, smoothed her
at him as if in appreciation of her
," he said, waiting.

"Yes," she said, as if it were done with.

"And the reason?" he asked, pursuing a confident attack.

"Oh, Winifred never gives reasons. She acts. Positively manlike," she added, pausing for its effect. "But rather tiresome in a woman, don't you think?"

She stretched slightly.

"Mrs. Scott," he said suddenly. "Have I your permission to speak frankly?"

"Of course."

"Well, I think your conduct, your present attitude, reprehensible and unworthy——"

"Yes——?" she said, encouraging him.

"—— even brazen."

"Yes——?"

"I think that you're a selfish mother——"

"Yes, don't hesitate."

"—and—and—an unprincipled woman."

"A terrific indictment indeed!" she exclaimed with satisfaction. "Is that all?"

He controlled his rising temper.

"Yes. That's enough, I should think."

"Dear me! I suppose you're at one with my husband in your judgment?"

"It has not been discussed between us. I haven't entered the house since you went away."

"Winifred then?"

"Winifred said no more than that you had gone."

"And the rest you guessed?"

"It did not require much intelligence?"

"Evidently," she said, but softened it with a smile.

"And Winifred shares your opinion?" she continued.

"Not in so many words. She called it breaking the bonds of subjection." He laughed sarcastically. "But it's the same thing, I suppose."

"Of course it is," agreed Mrs. Scott candidly.

"Well, your feelings have been hurt, so I'll forgive you your rudeness, though, you know, I really ought to order you out of the house."

"Oh, you're clever!" he exclaimed admiringly.

"Harvey!" she said sharply; then recovered herself in an instant. "Really!"—with a little laugh—"that was almost offensive."

"Oh, I've had enough of this," he said, getting up angrily. "I only know that Winifred has definitely declined to marry me, and that I've come here to-day, loathing myself for my weakness, because I can't live, I can't work without her."

Mrs. Scott stiffened.

"What's that? Say that again."

"I repeat," he said bitterly, "she's given me up because you've shamed her idea of what marriage means, because you've smashed her belief in it."

"Will you sit down again?" she asked very quietly, and for a few moments she remained silent and thoughtful.

"It is surprising to me," she said at length, "but I begin to think Winifred is capable of being very foolish. Did you say she told you no more than that I had gone away?"

"That's all she knew. Mr. Scott declined to explain. He seemed to think that she'd do the same next; but, thank heaven, it isn't in her!"

"Oh, isn't it! It's in all of us women nowadays. Our strength and feelings are claimed by a power more compelling than home affection, or love, or social standing, and we gladly endure hardships—yes, and opprobrium for its sake. Is a woman who makes a strenuous effort to cut away the bonds of subjection to be daunted if she be called bad, even shameful? Do you think her purpose is to be thwarted by the idealistic notions of a girl and boy temporarily blinded by sex instinct, or by the pettifogging principles of a pedant, even though she be unfortunate enough to be married to him? No. The combined forces of them all are hardly likely to deter women who think as I do from carrying out their purpose."

He was surprised by the vehemence of her attack, but it only served to harden his resentment.

"When a married woman," he said harshly, "contracts a lawless affection for another man, it is not to be wondered at that her views are distorted."

Her face whitened, and she made as if to interrupt, but he went on ruthlessly.

"These arguments are as old as the hills, the usual stock. We all fall back on high-souled sentiment to excuse the gratification of base appetites."

Of a sudden she leaned back, and gave vent to a long trill of laughter. Then she caught sight of his face and checked herself abruptly.

"Oh, Harvey!" she exclaimed. "Forgive me! How blind I've been! This is all the result of not taking one's daughter into one's confidence. But Harvey——" she became serious, "you surely cannot mean you obtained that idea from Winifred?"

Harvey was feeling ridiculous without knowing why, but he stuck stubbornly to his guns.

"No, she never said so. That was why we fell out. When she was telling me that night a month ago that you had left home and that Mr. Scott was furious, I said it made no difference to me what you'd done, and she asked me what I meant, and when I tried to explain——"

"She sent you about your business—and quite right, too!" Mrs. Scott's smile was friendly. "But I see now why her welcome of me to-day was not quite effusive. Of course she has learnt in the interval the real truth, but she would be too proud to let you know, and naturally she holds me responsible for your misunderstanding."

"Well, if I have been wrong," said Harvey, "I'm sorry. But even now I don't see——"

She was looking through the window, and she suddenly stood up.

"You'll see in a minute," she said. "Here they are! Winifred must have gone to meet him at the station. I wired him that I should be here when he arrived home. How characteristic of him not to catch an earlier train!

"Poor Harvey!" she added, with gentle derisiveness, "you're trembling at her approach, and I——I confess I'm a tiny bit frightened at meeting my outraged husband. . . .

"They're coming. Isn't it like being back at school?" she whispered, gleefully.

Mr. Scott stood in the doorway, portly, pretentious, severe-looking.

"So, madam, you've repented of the error of——"

But the speech was cut short by the rustle of advancing skirts, a quick hug, and a little affectionate pat on the top of his bald head.

"Of course—silly!"

Then she pushed him out to arm's length, held either shoulder, and seemed to measure him commiseratingly.

"What have you been telling them?"

She turned, clinging to his arm.

"Oh, you two!" she said. "Look at them! Don't stare at her, Harvey, in that famished way. She's flesh and blood of the usual kind. You will do better to submit yourself to the scourge of your own reflections. Oh, I wouldn't be you for something! Go out, both of you, and make it up. Life's only serious when you're young.

"I'm ashamed of you all," she continued happily. "Other suffragettes have undergone a month's imprisonment, even though, like me, they may have worked for the cause under another name—out of consideration for a dear old-fashioned husband. I am not an advocate of militant methods, but I happened to be present at a demonstration when—— But there! what loyal soldier would desert her comrades?"

She sighed a little.

"Oh, dear! you're such a helpless lot of stupids I suppose I shall have to give it up—or, at least, confine myself to moral support of the movement—and stay here to look after you all."

Harvey went over and took Winifred by the arm masterfully.

"Here, come along out," he said.

A SHIRT HINT.

No doubt many a man, if he has to get into dress clothes for some function or other after business, will often remember that he has no clean dress shirts by him, and will have to buy one on his way home. If this is the case, it very often happens that when dressing feverishly, in order not to be late, he finds to his exasperation that the sleeves of the new shirt are far too long for him. There is no time to get any kind feminine Samaritan to "put a tuck in them." What is to be done?

A good tip is to turn up a good handful of the sleeve all round, just above the biceps, and keep it in place with an ordinary elastic band. If this is fairly tight, the sleeve will not slip down.

TEACHING A DOG TO SWIM.

You will often hear a man say airily, "Oh, any dog can swim. It's as natural to him as walking." But this is a fallacy. There are many timid dogs—generally rather delicate, "breedy" ones—who, if they were dropped into the water, would drown. The best way to accustom such dogs to the water is to throw a small ball or a short stick a very little distance into a shallow pond, so that to retrieve it, the animal has only to go in just over his hocks. Increase the distance by hardly perceptible degrees, and the dog will soon get used to the water.

But if a nervous dog is thrown in, he generally strikes out with a straight-up-and-down, piston-like action, which, of course, is useless to carry him forward. He will certainly drown if he keeps on doing it, so that short of going in yourself, you should bend forward, snap your fingers, and call to him. This will often make him strike out in the correct way.

HIGH ROAD HOOLIGANS.

It is an ideal summer's day, the sun shines radiantly, birds innumerable sing from leafy retreats; and happily you pursue your quiet way along the country road, keenly appreciative of the beauty of the scene.

But listen! With a hideous clanging of metallic bells, and with harsh beery voices howling some singularly untuneful music-hall song, a band of "wheelers"—about fifty or more—dash past you in a whirl of dust, forcing you into the ditch at the side of the road with obvious enjoyment. It is a long time before you regain your breath and your good temper. The "wheeler" is too often the hooligan of the high road.

The officials of well-conducted cycling clubs, however, are always considerate of other travellers.

SPORTING OUTFIT

WHERE COMMON SENSE SHOULD CUT DOWN THE PRICE.

Many a man denies himself good sport because he feels, from what he reads about it, that all sport is a matter of very elaborate preparation and considerable expense.

It is to the advantage of those who provide the outfits for all sports to spread the idea that endless paraphernalia and many delicate and expensive implements are needful to successful and enjoyable sport.

But this is not so. Indeed, there is much to be said in favour of the sportsman who will have none of the new-fangled adjuncts that are constantly put on the market, and who cries "away with all these."

To thousands of sportsmen quite half of the "absolute necessities" of sport are mere useless baggage, lumbering them up and hindering their pleasure.

INGENIOUS BUT UNNECESSARY.

As for the actual use of so many of the new odds and ends that sportsmen are supposed to need in order to enjoy sport, all that can be said of them is that they are ingenious and sometimes useful. That they are really necessary is a fable and a delusion, to say nothing of an expense.

And here let me say that I am not arguing against these refinements of ingenuity. What I do say is that they are by no means necessary to the thorough enjoyment of splendid sport.

An example of what I mean is supplied by a glance round my own room. There are two pairs of boxing gloves hanging up. One set cost a guinea. They have patent wrists, patent ventilators for the palms of the hands, and they are made of some leather supposed to be admirable for the purpose of hitting the other fellow's face. They are quite good gloves, and I've had many a brisk round with them.

The other pair cost 5s. 6d. They are simple gloves, made of stout leather, well shaped, and of good weight. They have no patent wrists, but they never come off, and they seem to be as good now as they were when two of us clubbed together and bought them two years ago.

JUST AS USEFUL.

Now these gloves are, to me, as good and serviceable in every way as the other and more expensive pair, although they are not bestrewn with patent devices that may or may not be useful and advantageous.

Looking through the catalogue of cricketing goods you will find a gorgeous array of odds-and-ends and devices for serving this or that real or imaginary purpose.

For most of us a bat, a ball, a set of stumps, and our own active bodies supply all that is vital in the game.

But the catalogue assures us that patent rubber handles to the bat, patent rubber gloves, and patent cane or something-else-lined [illegible] necessity; and that stumps and bails [illegible] certain fearful and wonderful quality [illegible] facture are essential to a man who wo[illegible] his duck."

Now if we begin to listen to these [illegible] ments, and then to tot up the price o[illegible] most of us will come to the conclusio[illegible] cheaper and less trouble to take a gr[illegible] or go big game shooting in Ugand[illegible] indulge in an ordinary game of cricket.

THE VALUE OF COMMON SENSE.

The sportsman who is worth his salt [illegible] led astray by these elaborate traps t[illegible] pounds, shillings, and pence. He [illegible] middle course through the ensnaring p[illegible] catalogue, and will let his common sens[illegible] play. It will save him money, and will [illegible] him from losing any of the joy of sport.

Moreover, the man who feels that [illegible] in for every new thing that comes out i[illegible] becoming a faddist, and he loses a [illegible] proportion of the pleasure to be gained [illegible] sport by sheer sporting skill and by [illegible] very best of the implements he has.

To have so many mechanical devic[illegible] him tends rather to lessen a man's own [illegible] makes sport rather mechanical.

This elaboration in regard to the too[illegible] is very obvious in regard to cycling, to [illegible] fishing, and walking.

The three-speed gear may be very [illegible] and helpful, but to refrain from cyclin[illegible] one cannot afford the latest machine fitte[illegible] device is to miss the whole idea of cycli[illegible]

THE MOST SERIOUS CASE.

The outfit mania is carried to ridiculo[illegible] in the case of fishing. There is no sp[illegible] can be enjoyed with such simple equipm[illegible] has the fisherman's spirit. On the ot[illegible] there is no sport so overloaded with w[illegible] the "patent" fad.

Between the single pole, the strin[illegible] bent pin of the street urchin, dipping [illegible] canal, and the most elaborately-equippe[illegible] fisher there is a great gulf fixed, but w[illegible] elaborate appliances and his special—ve[illegible] —dress and fitments, I doubt whether th[illegible] of the urchin is not as great as that of [illegible] equipped salmon-fisher.

The truth is that the sporting spirit is [illegible] of being overlain and suffocated by th[illegible] paraphernalia which is supposed to be [illegible] to its enjoyment.

And last, but not least, there is the jo[illegible] the simplest tools—a joy the expensi[illegible] sportsman often misses.

With simple equipment the pleasure [illegible] is much greater than when success is [illegible] means of mechanical helps that render i[illegible] certainty, in which chance and the [illegible] sportsmanship cannot play their part.

J. G. HA[illegible]

WHAT A MAN READS.

First of all, every sensible chap r[illegible] MODERN MAN. That goes without [illegible] But it would be interesting to know [illegible] average man, the good patriot and [illegible] reads in the remainder of his leisure [illegible]

It is tolerably certain that he doe[illegible] novels, at any rate, not twentieth cent[illegible] for, as regards novels, this is a [illegible] mediocre age. He probably bars a[illegible] paper that has a strong Party bias, [illegible] judice of any kind is distasteful to t[illegible] minded, sportsmanlike man of the [illegible] day. He probably inclines towards [illegible] that gives a clear synopsis of the d[illegible] penings that really matter, with as litt[illegible] as possible shown to either political [illegible] doesn't want to read about politics

PLAYFAIR'S RETRIEVER

AN EPISODE.

By E. WADE LANG.

...whole business was discreditable, I ... but it must be remembered that ...ling authors are capable of anything. ...ed, there are not wanting people who ...re that once they attain the success which ...es the necessity to struggle, they fre... ...ntly become capable of nothing. ...however that may be—and I would not ...y there is subtle comfort in the opinion— ...certain that Playfair is remote from such ...ondition of incompetency. ...s a matter of fact, he is wasted as a ... journalist. He ought to be a ... or a politician, or he might combine ...ine him an eminent and popular divine, ...ng is his understanding of women, so ... regard for their cherished emotions, ... grave his manner. ...fair is kindly grave whatever happens. ... kindly grave when he borrows, and ...y grave when regretting his inability to ...back. He verges on sad earnestness ...ld his landlady plead for at least a little ...account; and, she being soft-hearted, their ...ually terminates in an outburst of ...compassion for mutual misfortune. ...uly an enviable asset, this manner, blend ...ever so incongruously with shabby clothes, ...led hair, and foul pipes. For the latter ...be remedied, but the manner remains. ...ow when I lent Playfair my best suit to ...nd interview—— ...t that part of the story is a trifle pre... ...re.

* * * * *

...matter was all the outcome of an article ...fair wrote about a dog. It was in some ...cts an uncommon article, for Playfair ...it; sold it, mark you, not into the ob... ...of a little-read periodical, but to a ...table and widely circulated ...

...is no doubt about it; Playfair was ...eat in his treatment of that dog. It ...a retriever dog, and it lived in the back ...where Playfair has his attic. Playfair ...nothing about the animal, except that it ...a liking for lying on the pavement in ...body's way when the sun was shining, ...at he had every inducement to write about ...You see, it is far easier to fashion the ...of fiction than to chisel the stone of fact. ...opened by transferring it to a more ...ous neighbourhood and giving it a cosy ...kind owners, and the pretty child of the ...for a loving companion. No ...was this satisfactory arrangement con... ...than he ruthlessly shut up the cosy ...the family abroad, and dispatched ...ay to some supposititious friends fifty ...ay as a gift. Then he brought him ...ary and travel-stained, in the dead ...to howl mournfully outside the de... ...till morning.

...with the pathos of this, Playfair ...go through the whole performance ...enlisting the aid of the police to return ...o his new owners, and bringing him back ...econd time half dead. The execution ...ery nearly completed by the interposition ...rate neighbour, who signified his ob... ...to having his slumber disturbed with ...t.

...Playfair, exulting in an orgy of cruelty, ...reserving him for a worse fate. After ...ering the poor animal about in a manner ...to be described as shameful, he planked ...own in the middle of the pavement, out... ...hed at full length, his nose between his ...there to watch with never-failing patience for the return of the loving little companion for whom his canine heart was pining. And there, a piteous spectacle of unconquerable faith, he left him, wasting in body, but ever with the light of hopefulness in his eyes.

* * * * * * *

Playfair came round to me a few days after the article appeared.

"I suppose you don't happen to know," he said, "where I could pick up a few retriever dogs cheap?"

I naturally inquired what on earth he wanted with a plurality of retrievers. For answer he handed me a batch of letters. Each was in feminine handwriting, and each contained an offer to adopt that precious dog.

"Playfair," said I, disregarding his kindly grave expression, "it cannot be your intention to foist a spurious article on these sympathetic, trusting people."

"It can," said Playfair.

"Playfair," said I, "the scheme is disgraceful."

"I have never," said Playfair, "willingly disappointed a lady."

"It's worse," said I, "it's criminal."

"And," added Playfair, "I'm zealous for the honour of the profession, if you're not. Do you think I am going to allow it to be known that every author is a treble-dyed Ananias? Do you think I am going to rob those noble women of the luxury of sorrowing for a persecuted creature by telling them the blessed animal doesn't exist? Am I to let pass the opportunity of improving the lot of half-a-dozen or so retrievers at present languishing in the kennels of a soulless dog dealer? No, indeed! With a trifling pecuniary assistance from you——"

"Playfair," said I, firmly; "I refuse to have anything to do with the matter."

"I can," continued Playfair, unchecked, "buy the retriever which haunts our street. The chap who says it belongs to him only wants five bob. Then with a bit of luck I can find another somewhere at the same price. That'll do for the two offers which hail from London."

"Playfair," I said, warningly.

"I'm trying to," he replied. "You shall go halves right enough. Then I think the best plan will be for me to call and explain that the individual who has appropriated the dog meantime is ill-treating it worse than ever, but that for two guineas. . . . "

"Of course," he added, reflectively; "there'll be the fare . . . and my time. . . ."

"If you show yourself," said I, "in that garb——"

"True," said Playfair, "but if you were to lend me that blue suit. . . . ."

And that is all it is discreet to say about it.

MISCELLANEOUS SAILING HINTS.

HOW TO DEAL WITH SOME AWKWARL CONTINGENCIES.

No doubt, during the holidays, a large number of our readers will join forces in the chartering of a small yacht or boat for a long-shore cruise, and though, of course, such men will already possess a good grounding in the elements of seamanship, these few "wrinkles" communicated to the writer by an "old salt" may tend to smooth over one or two moments of mild irritation.

For instance, you have, probably, often been intensely worried, when running before a high sea, by the periodical rushes of the dinghy towing astern upon your yacht. A dinghy is often stove in in such a case. Some seamen incline to give her a very long painter so as to keep her as far as possible out of the way astern. But this method allows her far more play, and, consequently, her impetus, when, at last, she does swoop down again, is much more dangerous.

A good plan for rough weather is to tow the dinghy by means of two very short painters, made fast to each quarter of the "parent craft," and to weigh down the dinghy with a weight of about half-a-hundredweight ing well out of the water, the dinghy's painter keep her nose well tilted out of the water; so that she cannot possibly be swamped, for any water that might wash into her will wash out over her stern again.

How often it happens, when men are on such holiday cruises for one of the party to be forced from his cosy bunk o' nights, because the dinghy is bumping along all the length of the vessel's side, and jeopardising the glory of her new coat of paint.

If the yacht is large, with a bowsprit standing well out of the water, the dinghy's painter can be fastened to the end of the latter, thus keeping the craft at a respectful distance.

But, in all probability, our holiday yacht will be one which will combine the minimum of size with the maximum of cosiness, so that the above method will not be feasible. Here is a good tip.

Attach an iron bucket to the dinghy's stern, and drop it overboard. It will offer sufficient resistance to the flow of the tide, so that the boat will ride to it, leaving the wind powerless to blow her over the tide against the yacht.

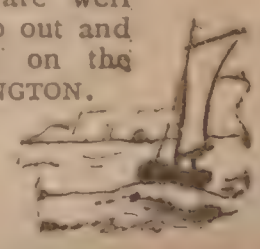
An appliance that follows much the same principle is the "drogue." It is used when a small vessel is so far from the shore and so high a sea is running as to make sailing, or even lying-to, a very dangerous proceeding.

The drogue is a canvas bag, conical in shape, with its mouth kept open by an iron ring; and dropped overboard from the bows, attached on two sides of this ring to a hawser, it resists the water, and thus keeps the vessel's head to wind and sea, allowing her to ride easily and in safety. What is called a "tripping line" is attached to the drogue's pointed extremity, so as to admit of its being pulled over and hauled on board again.

Beaching, again, is often a troublesome business, especially through surf or broken water. In such cases the method varies according as the shore is a flat or steep one. On a flat shore, the outermost line of broken water, where there will probably be four or five fathoms of water, is the "heaviest" and most dangerous, so that before reaching this mast, or masts, and sails should be taken down, and the boat propelled by oars alone.

On a flat shore, again, whether you are running or backing in, keep straight before or end on to the sea until you are well aground. The crew should then jump out and drag her, thus lightened, high up on the beach.

CECIL D. MORNINGTON.



MEN OF MIDNIGHT.

THE ROMANCE OF THE IRON ROAD.

The line is a busy line. It joins a great city and the great city's complement—a great pleasure resort.

Midway between these places it runs through some of the most secluded acres of all England, where foot of man, even foot of sportsman, seldom treads amid the silences of the forest aisles.

It dives deep into a little tunnel hereabouts, and within a stone's-throw of its entrance the little wayside station is hidden.

The station serves a scantily-peopled area and is a place of little business. But though it has none of the importance of the greater places it is on the highway, and all the traffic passing to and fro tears heedlessly through with a disdainful shriek from the whistle, warning the little place to keep out of danger.

And yet not all the traffic passes thus, for some six or seven times a day a train will draw up at its narrow, flower-edged strip of platform and a market-woman, or the village parson, will alight.

Early, with the rest of the village the station closes for the night against all who would alight at or depart from it. And then a spirit of romance comes down the wires or along the iron road, and transforms the place.

With the arrival of darkness, a gentle humming noise, soft and harmonious, breaks from the many wires, and, listening on the bridge, one can trace the sound to its sources and see in imagination the activity of the distant terminus, and hear the roar of much traffic.

But for this hum of the life of another place the station lies in silence and darkness.

And yet the traffic from one great city to another troubles the little place, and men must watch and work the night through so that human life shall not be risked.

A little way beyond the platform's sloping end stands a tiny signal box, where one well-trimmed lamp shines upon many polished levers and casts a dim glint on the bright steel rails below.

It is here that a man is on duty. He must be at his post, unsleeping and on the alert.

Suddenly the silence of the box is broken. A bell jingles out a note or two above him. He springs to his feet; touches a knob once or twice, sending some mysterious acknowledgment back to another box.

Turning to his levers, he takes them one by one in a firm grip and "pulls off" the signals. Then he waits, but not for long.

Hardly have the signal-wires ceased rattling at the rail-side than the whole earth shakes. There is a roar, a cloud of steam, a shower of sparks, a glare, and a shrill whistle, and the night express thunders past his box and through the station, on into the darkness.

In her mile-a-minute rush, "she" has cleared the points and gone furiously on, her red tail-light growing dim to disappearance in the dust "she" raises.

Then a jingle of the bell in the signal-box, a releasing of levers with a clatter of steel, and a rattle of wires.

Lights at the signal-head show red again, and glitter and twinkle up the line, and silence, broken only by the humming wires, falls again upon the place.

The signalman is not the only man on duty. Tucked away under the shelter of the bridge stands the tiny little brick house labelled "porter's room." Here is another man, also alone, ready to turn out on the approach of every train to see it safely through.

These two between them, working at opposite ends of the little station, keep watch and ward over many lives. And the lamps in their separated shelters alone denote the presence of the men in the long intervals between the passing of the midnight trains.

A. REID.

MY NOTEBOOK.

HOME WORK.

I am asked by a Glasgow reader what I think of our present system of education, so far as regards home-work for children.

"To me," he says, "it seems iniquitous that the precious hours of the evening should not be given up to exercise and that relaxation that young people need to keep their minds as well as their bodies in sound condition.

"At present a schoolboy has to work as many hours each day as a grown man. Perhaps I should rather say that he 'puts in' as many hours, for it is not possible for the youthful mind to concentrate itself hour after hour from morning till night.'

"School hours are much too long, but why do we allow the continuance of a system that compels the children to do further school work after they reach their homes?

"As I happen to be a teacher, I can do much within my own limited sphere to check the evil, but I appeal to you, with your wide and masculine circulation, to speak to the men of the country on behalf of the children who are too young to speak or to think for themselves.

"I may say that I never allow any of the boys under my charge to do work at home; the headmaster permits us considerable license in our methods and judges by results, and I am glad to say my class is always more than able to hold its own in the matter of examinations, while as for health and happiness, they leave the rest of the school far behind.

"My boys know that I cut off home-work on the understanding that they will behave themselves and work their hardest during school hours, and I have found them thorough little sportsmen in keeping their part of the bargain. In fact they take a pride in playing up to me, and they deal very promptly with anyone who seems to be intentionally slacking.

"I wish other teachers would try the scheme, for it tends to elevate the profession, in that it allows the teacher to impart knowledge instead of forcing him to be a sort of policeman or flogging-machine. I never find it necessary to resort to corporal punishment, though my boys are young. The reward of escaping from home-work is sufficient to maintain discipline, and it is much more pleasant."

I don't think I can add anything to my friend's appeal, except to say that I back him up with all the strength that is in me, and commend his remarks to the earnest attention of all men in his profession.

All our youngsters, whether they are at expensive public schools or at free Council schools, are oppressed by tasks that have to be done in their own time. One of the hardest-working men I know told me the other day that though he has never spared himself in his profession he has never been obliged to work so hard as he did in the Twenty at Rugby, when he was only a growing boy of sixteen.

THE PRICE OF FRIENDSHIP.

It would appear that there are some of my readers who are anxious to set me up as an absolute authority on the question of friendship. I only wish that I were better qualified for such a post.

Friendship has always been to me a mystery. I doubt whether there is anyone who esteems its value more than I do, but there are many points in connection with it that I have never been able to fathom.

This particular reader, who hails from Wakefield, asks me whether I think that friends should [illegible] make presents to one another.

"I do not know if I am right," he says, "but somehow or other it seems that you make a present to a friend, you are way putting a valuation upon him. think that he is worth £5, and you give a £5 present; or you think that he is w shilling and you make him a present a shilling.

"Of course, it is not really what You give him the best thing you can and something that you think he will but when he thanks you for it, and it seems almost an insult rather than a ment to have given him anything at

"I am afraid that I am a b you know what I mean. friendship at any price, and I think that money or money's never on any account pass between

GETTING AT THE ROOT OF FRIENDSHIP.

I am afraid that I the responsibility of dogmatic, and laying opinions on a but I have been frequently struck that there is no real satisfaction in hospitable to a friend or in money on his account.

Suppose you have a friend to you, and suppose that circumstan enabled you to obtain luxuries that not get. You supply him, for exam a horse to ride.

You remember in the you would have liked a horse not have to get from the local jobbe

You spend money upon him in other and do your utmost for his comfort. trust that you have given him a very time, and I believe that it is more doubtful whether you have really do You have been giving him all that you but he has really been uneasy at so much attention from you. He fee he can never repay it, and that he wholly your equal, and it is only in equality that the truest friendship

It is very different when you have gloves on, no matter who comes out the end of the round. Then, while perhaps both of you are a and a good deal tired, you feel fri every sense of the word.

I will not say, with my reader, that that presents should never be given man to another, but I will say that should be of a trifling character, for a never likes to feel that you are s money on him, that might be of imp to yourself.

SACRED SUBJECTS.

Once again I reader's letter. "I wish talk as you do," he says. put into words what the rest of us only Keep up this personal note in the pap it is one of its best features."

I know that these notes have, duri course of time, become rather perso I should not like my reader to put into print, even on this page, that I am capable of feeling. some subjects that a man never ta at all, except, perhaps, to his friend.

I have always talked candidly in these notes, and I intend to to do so, but I should not like you to that I blabbed out everything.

I have never written anything I did not believe, but there are many that I believe which I have down.

Westinghouse Building, Strand.

TTLE MASCULINE WORRIES.

TY NUISANCES THAT ANNOY US, AND HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM.

have had a busy and fatiguing day office. Your brain has been harassed early morning till evening; and on urn home, all that you want in the a quiet rest and smoke. And you with a happy sigh into the inviting of your easy-chair. You take your pipe your pocket, stretch out a weary hand the tobacco-jar—and then——

h, hang it!" You remember that you ively *must* write to Jones, explaining as y as possible why you will not be able to d his smoking concert on the following ing.

ter the strenuous labours of the day, little task is an intolerable nuisance to The business of getting out your onery, finding the pen and the inkstand, h, by the way, in such circumstances, an impecunious habit of getting into the t and most unsuitable corners, bores disagreeably.

is a very simple way out of the Treat the pen and the notepaper contempt that they deserve, and nimble postcard and a pencil. can, scrawl "In haste," at the bottom concession to the dictates of etiquette, send your missive out to be posted.

other little task that worries most men out their clothes for the wash. have to burrow about in a basket or er of soiled linen, selecting shirts, collars, and so on, is an occupation for which busy man has neither time nor . So that he puts it off and off, the dawn of the baleful day when he that his stock of clean linen is practically ted. Then—and only then—does he himself into the task with despairing ry; sending off a mountainous bundle to laundry, together with a note expressing, means of fierce under-scorings, that the nts *must* be washed and returned by the ing evening.

If why not leave such tasks to your land- If you explain your modest needs to how many shirts and how many collars washed every week, she will attend r diligently.

When we are on this subject, here is a great whenever you come across a collar so frayed that it cannot be worn, *tear* If you don't it will probably be again and again to the laundry, and its ent reappearances among your clean will be both irritating and expensive.

any men in diggings have a certain amount trouble in connection with the morning They have no time to waste in the ing, and, as the bath-room is generally ied by some earlier bird, they resort to ntedient of a hip-bath in their own

the water-jug is generally empty, and a descent, jug in hand, to the lower is often entailed.

best thing to do is to insist, with all firmness of which you are capable, on hip-bath being filled overnight. In this you will effect a considerable economy time and temper.

worries of this kind that assail men the mountain-made-out-of-a-molehill In other words, if any particular little outside your business—affects you with sense of repugnance, just consider quietly there is not some means of doing it effectively and with less trouble than by your usual method.

C. W. SOMERS.

SPORTING STORIES

THE RECORD-BREAKER.

"There sits a man who has broken more records than anyone else in this town."

The stranger followed the gaze of his guide to where a puny little person was sitting.

"You would never think it possible!" he exclaimed.

"But it's a fact," his guide assured him.

"Look at his legs, look at his neck, look at his wrists! I know that many a record-breaker is not exceptionally muscular, but don't ask me to believe that this is your greatest local athlete. It's too much!"

"Athlete?" queried the man who was showing him round. "I never said he was an athlete. He is merely the possessor of a talking machine and happens to have an unsteady hand."

HE HAD A REPUTATION.

"Well, Tommy," said the little boy's mother as he wiped his feet on the door-mat, "I hope you've been a nice quiet boy at school to-day."

"I have, mother," he answered gallantly. "I fell asleep after lunch, and the teacher said she'd punish severely any boy in the room who woke me up."

A FACER.

"Good-bye, sweet love," she said, as she stood in front of him at the garden gate, under the cold but amorous light of the moon.

He seized her dainty hands in his, and she gazed into his eyes—when the light didn't happen to catch on his pince-nez.

"Good-night," he said, "good-night. Parting is such sweet sorrow. I could say good-night till it be morrow!"

But a look of fear o'erspread the maiden's face.

"George," she said, aghast, "why are you making such terrible faces at me?"

"I can't help it," he answered her. "My pince-nez are falling off, and *I* can't re-adjust them without letting go your hands."

And the moon twisted its face also.

THE APPLICANT.

He had been reading those Yankee secret-of-success books and he had become impressed with the need for novelty in the matter of making an application for a new job.

The job he was after had a good screw attached, but his qualifications for filling the post were but slight.

So he determined to capture the citadel by sheer boldness and originality.

"I've come," he said to the manager, "to ask you to give me the job that I don't expect to get."

"Certainly," replied the manager. "By all means! Start at nine on Monday morning—I *don't* think!"

LEG BEFORE WICKET.

There is, without question, no point in the rules of cricket which excites a greater amount of discussion than the "leg-before-wicket" regulation; and at no time is the unfortunate umpire so harassed as when called upon to give a decision on such an appeal.

Among most players there is a common idea that if a ball, no matter where it pitched, strikes the batsman on the legs or, indeed, on any part of his body, at a lower level than the top of the wicket, he is out. In minor club and scratch games, the writer has often seen a man given out "leg-before" in this way, when a competent umpire would have allowed him to continue his innings.

Other players misconstrue the rule into a statement that one cannot be given out l.b.w. off a ball that breaks.

The rule, as laid down by the M.C.C., reads, "The striker is out if with any part of his person he stop the ball which, in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's wicket, shall have *pitched in a straight line from it to the striker's wicket*, and would have hit it."

Consider, then, that there are two lines, joining up the outside stumps of the two wickets, and thus forming an imaginary parallelogram. Then you are safe in declaring that, if a ball pitches inside the parallelogram, and is prevented from hitting the wicket by the batsman's body, he is out. But if a ball pitches outside the parallelogram, and breaks in on to his body, to give him out would be a wrong decision.

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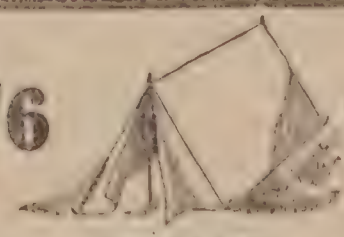

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

TAKING THINGS IN TIME.

There are some men who when they are up against an examination, put off doing any work by way of preparation for it until a week or so before the fatal day, and then they buckle to and work day and night, so that they arrive at the examination room in a state bordering on collapse.

And many athletes who are looking forward to some competition or some unusual strain on their physical powers seem to adopt a similarly foolish plan, and to defer the period of training until a short time before the event.

Training is necessarily a protracted process, and a month, or at least a fortnight, is about the shortest time that can be of any use.

"Take Time by the forelock" is a motto that may well be adopted by the athlete with any important event to face.

I have already referred to the necessity for the Territorial to get himself into thorough condition before the time for camp arrives. You cannot get your boots into proper trim without some weeks of dubbing, oiling, and wearing; nor can you get your body into condition without weeks of strenuous exercise undertaken with the ultimate object of it in mind.

It is just the same whether the event in question is a race on the track or across country, on the river or the road; whether it is a cricket or a tennis match; or whether it is merely the extra demand on your physical powers that will be made by your annual holiday.

With many men the annual holiday is rather a period of overstrain than one of rest, as it should be.

TO INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT.

For this exercise the necessary apparatus is a walking-stick, the longer the better.

Do this with a swing.

Stand erect, with the feet separated, and hold the stick across the thighs so that the hands fall on either side of the legs.

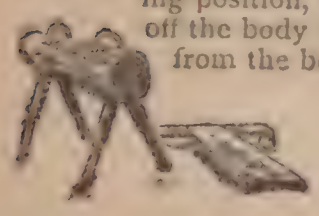
Do not grasp the stick in the closed fist, but hold it lightly between the thumb and the palm of the hand, with the fingers outstretched.

Keep the arms straight now and throughout the exercise.

With a smart, quick movement rise on the toes, at the same time swinging the arms up in front of the body and over the head, without shifting the position of the hands on the stick.

Stretch the whole body from the toes to the finger-tips to its fullest extent, and when you have stretched as far as you can, stretch a little further. You will almost invariably find that by grit and determination you can get a little higher, and it is in this stretching that the real benefit of the exercise lies.

After a pause in this position drop to the starting position, relax the muscles, and take the strain off the body before repeating the exercise smartly from the beginning.



When raising the arms force them backwards as well as upwards, as far as you can without losing your balance. In this way you will aid the development of the chest and lungs, while at the same time stretching every muscle, joint, and cartilage in the body.

MUSCLE TENSING.

One of the drawbacks to the practice of physical exercises is to many men the fact that one has to give up too much time to them, and that they can only be performed in the privacy of one's bedroom or in the gymnasium.

But the man who realises the value of occasionally tensing his muscles has at his command a series of exercises which can be practised anywhere. Even seated at your desk you can tense the muscles of arms or legs in a leisure moment and maintain the pressure for a time in a way that cannot fail to aid in their development.

The crushing of a handful of paper or of an indiarubber ball in the hand also supplies a tensing exercise which is most beneficial.

Of course, while the exercise is being practised the whole attention must be given to it. It is no use pretending that the spasmodic tensing of the muscles while you are reading or are engaged in some work is going to do any practical good. But there are often odd moments when one is temporarily idle, and when the chance of putting in a little physical exercise, however trivial it may appear, should be snatched by the brain-worker.

FOR THE LEGS, NECK, AND SIDE.

This exercise is one which imposes a considerable strain on all the muscles of the side, and is sufficiently out of the common to recommend itself strongly to the culturist.

Lie at full length on the floor on one side, with the hands clasped behind the back, and the head as well as the shoulder resting on the floor. Let the whole side of the lower foot be on the ground and the other foot resting upon it.

Try it on the floor.

Do not stretch the body at first, but rather contract it so that the feet come as near to the body as possible without the legs being bent.

Otherwise it will be found difficult to raise any part of the body from the ground, and the exercise will be valueless.

Now put the entire weight upon the feet at one end and the shoulders and head at the other.

Raise the hip completely from the ground, making an arch of the body, and hold it in that position for as long as possible.

A very great number of muscles will thus be simultaneously exercised. The neck and shoulder muscles will have to bear a large proportion of the weight of the body. The side, hip, and thigh muscles will be exercised in the endeavour to arch the body as much as possible, and even the foot, ankle, and calf muscles will have to be exerted to maintain the balance and prevent the body from collapsing forwards or backwards.

After a few moments' pause in this position sink to the ground again, turn over on the other side and repeat the process with the opposite set of muscles.

If you find the floor unpleasantly hard, set a cushion under head and shoulders, for there is no object in suffering unnecessary discomfort. But on a carpet there should be no need for this.

A GOOD HOME-ROWING EXE

There is many a keen rowing m earnestly engaged in making his wa who finds that his endeavour from disporting himself as often a like upon his beloved river. And s he feels that his pristine skill and with oar and scull must perforce this reason.

But such men may find some the knowledge that by means of exercise at home their muscles, and degree their rowing action, may sistently exercised. All the apparatus is a "developer" or a "pulley machine, such as was described in issue of this paper, a footboard se the floor and a hassock or footstool.

Fix your "pulley-weight" appa:a wall, and your footboard just in fro base of it. Place the hassock at suc tance that to grasp the handle you m forward over your toes. You throw back your body and arms straightening movement of the legs, being bent backwards to an angle 45 degrees with the floor, and the brought well into the chest, as in

Of course, as the arms come chest, you should drop the wrists, a the hands backwards, after the fashio recognised "feathering" action.

In this way you will keep yourself sort of rowing form, and greatly s your forearm and wrist.

By merely sitting on a pile of b footstool, with your feet against you can obtain useful practice in the body back by means of the the use of the exerciser gives the that you would otherwise miss.

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THE DRAWBACKS OF A FIRST-CLASS EDUCATION

A STUDY OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL AND 'VARSITY MAN.

The advisability of the above title may be disputed when I define what I mean by a first-class education.

A man's education is never done, he goes learning to the end of his days, and the wiser he lives, the wiser he becomes, provided he is fairly wise to start with.

To say that a man is educated, when he has merely received the conventional training at a school or university is to be inaccurate. When a man leaves the university, he is still very young. He has learned much, but he has still to learn. It would be inaccurate to say his education is complete. Neither do I desire to cast any slur upon the less famous schools and universities.

WHAT IT MEANS.

With this explanation I may be allowed to give my definition of a first-class education as that phrase is usually understood. It means precisely an education at Eton, Rugby, Harrow, or Winchester, followed by a further course at Oxford or Cambridge. Other schools and other universities may teach you more than those mentioned, but the course suggested is the one that every British father who can afford to do so gives his son.

The system has much to be said for it. You may find a man who has been at Eton and Cambridge, and who leaves them both, through, but the average man who has gone through both these places is turned out at least a decent English gentleman, whatever he may have been when he started.

It is well known that the German universities are superior in many respects to either

Oxford or Cambridge in the matter of book-learning.

Man does not trouble himself overmuch with books, and there is small reason why he should; book-learning is forgotten in a few months or years, but the lesson that you learn from coming into personal and close contact with your fellow men, as you do at an English school and university is a lesson that moulds your character, and never leaves you.

THE OTHER S'DE OF THE PICTURE.

So much for the benefits of a so-called "first-class education." It also has tremendous drawbacks. One of them is the elimination of all evidence of emotion.

The man who has gone through Eton and Cambridge, or Harrow and Oxford, has as good a heart as any man, but he has been taught by the tradition that is governing his education to hide it.

You talk with him and wonder how you fail to arouse his interest. You do him a kindness, and you are sorry to find that he does not appear to appreciate it; you are in sorrow, and he makes no move to comfort you.

A FIRST IMPRESSION.

That is the impression that an educated man, educated in a different way, gets of the man who has had a first-class English education.

It is not the impression that he has when he gets to know him better, but few people ever get to know him well. He has hedged himself round with the traditional reticence of his school and college, and he seems cold, the more so because there is always apparent the surface-courtesy and politeness which nothing can ruffle. You can set him down as unsympathetic, and you feel that you would have to dig far to find the man's heart if he happens to possess one.

That is what most people feel when they come in contact with the possessor of a first-class education. And that is why he is so seldom successful in commerce.

IN HIS ELEMENT.

While he sticks to his own special class—joins the Army, goes into the diplomatic service, takes up politics—he is amongst men whose traditions are precisely the same as his own. They know his worth without having to search for it, for they have met many others like him. But when he comes out into the world, as many of his kind have to do, to earn his living, he wonders sometimes, whether after all it would not have been better had he not received a traditional first-class education.

H. J. ROGERS.

Absolutely the Latest Thing in Suits.

It is admitted by all dressy men that a white slip, showing for just the correct space above the waistcoat, adds greatly to the general smartness of the appearance.

These slips should be worn only with blue or black suits, as most men know.

There are several kinds of slips, but the only one that does not move about and get out of place is the kind that is buttoned to the inside of the waistcoat. The trouble hitherto has been that the slips supplied by the haberdasher never have the buttonholes in the right place to fit the buttons put inside the vest by the tailor.

Realising this, and realising the smartness that a slip imparts to a suit, we have decided absolutely to give away white slips with our latest Navy Blue Suit.

Every suit will be fitted with buttons to take the slip, and the buttonholes will be exactly in the right place.

The suit is cut and made in our usual perfect style, and the novelty of giving away these slips should appeal irresistibly to every reader.

It is worth mentioning that King George always wears a white slip. You have never seen a photo of him without one.

The suit is made of a special serge, indigo dye, which is not affected by sun or sea air.

A blue suit always looks gentlemanly, and every man should have one.

We absolutely guarantee that the suit will fit you.

If you have any fault to find with it, return it to us, and we shall immediately return your money in full, without argument or discussion.

Patterns and self-measurement form will be sent with pleasure to any address.

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A MAN'S WIFE.

e George Newnes, who died ely, was married some before he made his start publisher. His venture a new one and very risky, he fact that he was married ot prevent him from taking risk, and did not prevent from going serenely for- to success.

could tell you of other ness men who have married and who have taken risks done great things after- s. I could also tell you of whose ambition and enter- have disappeared alto- er after their marriage. erything depends on the an.

me women regard their band's business as a matter no concern, provided it ood enough to provide them larly housekeeping money and a dress

follow his business keenly, stimu- him when his interest in it flags a ing him up when he has a set- advising him, making suggestions, and g him in every way. mething must be allowed for the tem- ment of the individual woman, but there few wives who cannot be taught to become ers in a business way. must be remembered that girls do not, rule, have a business training, and it is husband to remodel their ideas in after their marriage. often does one come across a man to knock off work sharp in spite of having a lot to do, simply because his hates his being late for dinner! She straight out, for women are ded, but she lets him see it in a ays; "The soup will be cold now," forth. "it was very nice an hour ago." late, in spite of the fact that his late- was caused by the needs of the business supplies his and her bread-and-butter. wife like that must be cured of her fault. matter over with her and show ssity for your attending to busi- before all things else. her to promise never to wait but to take her own meal at the This will remove her grievance, will not then feel that you are pre- from doing your duty to your business fact that you are a married man. her from sitting up for you when you very late. I know one man who never his club (where, in his particular pro- he could pick up new clients) simply knows his wife would be sitting for him. She does not verbally protest lateness but she does so in this tacit

arried business men will recall for them- other instances where they are hindered wives in their struggle for success. should set matters right at once. wife is a great comfort and blessing to an, and she is very willing to help him if will only explain how she can do it. lest the few remarks should deter any from contemplating marriage, let me that I believe it is the best step that a man can take. It gives him a fresh ative and a fresh interest in life.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

BUCKET-SHOPS AND OUTSIDE BROKERS.

To clear up a point—which should not require much clearing up—in answer to more or less regular inquiries regarding unknown firms, let me state plainly that, as a mare is a horse, but a horse is not necessarily a mare, so a bucket-shop keeper is an outside broker, but an outside broker is not necessarily a bucket-shop keeper.

The bucket-shop-keeper appears suddenly, and disappears as suddenly. If you were acquainted with his office arrangements and circumstances you would know that all his plans are based on the ability to "cut" his liabilities any day when markets go against him.

Of course, so long as things go all right—well, all right. But when you receive circulars from people you have never heard of before—and do not see them courting publicity by advertising—then you may make a pretty fair guess as to their status. Still, it does not follow that if a firm does not advertise it is not respectable. But for every decent firm that doesn't advertise there are a dozen or two that are certain to keep your money and never pay you.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SMALL INVESTOR."—You could, if you wish, purchase shares to the value of £5, but as a matter of fact it is such a small deal that the ordinary Stock Exchange broker would not be very ready to undertake it. With "House" members any deal under £20 or £30 is hardly worth their while, or they consider it hardly worth their while. If you meditate taking up some shares, I would advise you to get them allotted and pay the allotments as they become due; it is quite the simplest way. Do not make the mistake, however, of thinking that, if shares are quoted in the papers at a certain price, you are able to sell them at that price. You may buy them invariably at the price quoted, but many shares have no free market—in the sense that you can buy them, but cannot sell them again at the price quoted or anything like it.

SUBURBAN RINKS, LTD.—A. F. G. (Port Talbot).—I am afraid I cannot give you any information as to when a dividend ought to be declared. It is purely a matter for the company, and, in your case, I should put the question definitely to the Secretary.

R. D. C. (Highbury).—I have written you privately at some length on the question you referred to. I am only too ready to be of what assistance I can to you, and you need not be afraid of putting me to too much trouble.

F. L. (Battersea).—House property may be the most suitable investment for you, but you must remember that you run the risk of having your capital locked up unproductively if you fail to let the house at any time.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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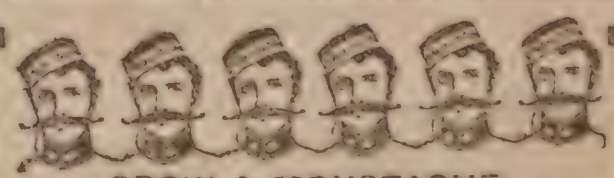

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When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

SOME AMUSING RIVER SPORTS.

Every boat club ought before its season comes to an end to have a "rag regatta," whatever events it may go in for in the serious way.

There is an immense amount of fun to be got out of an informal sort of water gymkhana where amusement rather than athletics is the end in view.

Some club committees attempt to combine serious events and comic ones in one programme, but this is not always a success. The "rag" events are put in to afford comic relief and brighten things up a bit, but they often have the effect either of distracting the attention of members and spectators from the serious athletic events or else of being regarded as mere foolery that is waste of time when there are more important matters in hand.

BAD FOR THE BOATS.

A further disadvantage is that the "rag" events are liable to be contested in the boats which are used by the club in actual races, and, needless to say, those boats will not profit by such usage. The oldest craft obtainable should be raked together for the purpose. A very small entrance fee for each event will cover the cost of hiring them, or a shilling or so may be charged for a "family ticket" which includes an entry for all events.

The items on the programme may vary according to the tastes of the committee and the circumstances or means at their disposal, but one will probably be a "mop joust."

This sometimes takes place on air-tight barrels with a semblance of a horse's head at one end, on which the knight, suitably attired in a bathing costume, sits astride, but there is no need for such elaborate paraphernalia.

A couple of Canadian canoes are all that is required. The competitors are drawn in pairs. One sits in the stern and manipulates the paddle while the other stands in the centre of the canoe armed with a mop as long as can be obtained—many boat builders can produce a couple that are ten or twelve feet long.

THE MOP JOUST.

His object is to use the mop to such effect that his adversary is pushed into the water or his canoe capsized. Often greater damage can be done by using the mop on the opposing canoe than on the warrior who stands to defend it.

When the two canoes come alongside the man in the stern can often do some very useful work in the capsizing line with his free hand, but often it is a case of "the biter bit," and the would-be aggressor sends his own canoe over, and himself and his champion with the mop into the water.

From this it will be seen that it is advisable for all performers in the regatta to be able to swim pretty well and also to be prepared for a wetting.

A bathing costume has been suggested as the most suitable attire, but a pair of rowing shorts and a zephyr are equally useful and more presentable. Shoes and stockings, however, should be barred.

PUNTING IN CANOES.

Another race that is in great favour at the 'Varsity, where most colleges have their "rag regatta," as it is called, during the summer term, is the canoe-punting race.

It is by no means as easy as one might suppose to stand in a Canadian canoe and punt it successfully.

Choose a light pole, however, and stand as near the stern as you can and you should be able to get on swimmingly—perhaps the metaphor is a little unfortunate, but you know what I mean. Take short sharp strokes and use your hands quickly in getting the pole up, for a canoe swings much more readily than a punt.

The dongola race is another that usually causes much amusement. Two or more punts are manned by as large crews as can find places along the sides, each man being armed with a Canadian paddle.

On the word "go" each punt starts off like a startled centipede, all its paddles being vigorously worked with no attempt at keeping time and with little chance of steering.

A SCRATCH CREW.

Every man's object is to put as much force into his paddling as he can, and if in the operation he shoots his neighbour into the water, there is one less man for the punt to carry. It is advisable to make some sort of rule as to the percentage of the crew that must arrive at the winning post in the punt.

A bumping race in Rob Roy canoes is also an exciting event. Two or three canoes start at equal intervals of ten yards or so, and each of the rear ones endeavours to overtake and touch some part of the canoe in front of it while travelling over a prescribed course.

The front position must be assigned by lot or the holder of it in one heat must paddle at the rear of the next, or some similar arrangement can be made to ensure fairness.

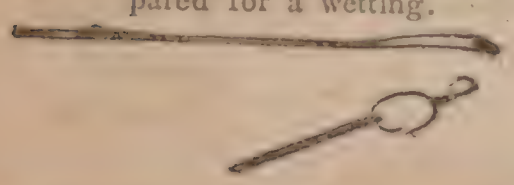
Tilting at the ring in Canadian canoes is a most amusing competition, a bucket full of water being set up on a projecting crossbar and nailed to a board with a hole in it in such a way that if the board is struck the bucket is upset.

The board is suspended below the crossbar and the hole in it is tilted at by the competitor who sits in the bows of a Canadian canoe with a long pole.

The canoe is paddled under the crossbar by another competitor, whose share in the success, if the pole is passed through the ring is considerable, since the steering is in his hands.

The bucket of water, in case the ring is missed, is also fairly evenly divided between him and his companion.

J. D. SYME.



CLEANLINESS.

POINTS THAT ARE OFTEN FORG

Many a man who prides himsel cleanliness is really a dirty man physically.

Such a one if accused of being would retort indignantly that he tak bath every morning of his life.

I remember reading a novel, the which I have forgotten, in which the hero, was described as a clean took a cold bath every morning and ing hot one on Saturday nights. bered the description of "George," was struck by its truth.

A hot bath once a week is essenti cleanliness, and this may well be mented by an occasional Turkish b you should never try the latter until been medically assured that you are sound, for in the case of any uns weakness of the heart a Turkish b easily have serious, even fatal, conse

If you have never had a Turki a trial of one will soon convince yo need for the weekly hot tub, over a the morning cold douche, for from cleanest of men a Turkish bath will to him, incredible amount of dirt.

Incidentally, a hot bath is not only ing but an excellent pick-me-up w come back tired from sport or work to go out to some evening function. of mustard, a little permanganate of p ammonia added to a hot bath will increase its cleansing and tonic effe if you are going out after a hot bath ber to have a cold douche after it.

Many dirty men, who would resent putation, clean their teeth only in th ing. Certainly the teeth should be every morning, and, indeed, after eve if convenient, but it is far more impor they should be brushed and the who washed out with some mild antisepti going to bed.

It is during the night that the par food left in the mouth decay and putr the man who fails to brush his teeth m morning generally has an unpleasant to say nothing of suffering from dep digestive troubles.

To keep rotten teeth in your head very dirty, yet many a man who wou a fit at the idea of being seen with bla or a grimy neck will go about with hi full of decayed teeth, rather than f dentist.

Men who perspire freely need changes of underclothing, which ma obvious, but is a point often neglected

Of course, if you are going to in clean underclothes and linen every washing bills are going to tower, bu no need to do that. It is a cle healthy practice to change entirely o ing from work, keeping one set of clothes, socks, &c., for evening we another for the daytime, changing o once or twice a week.

The man who comes home and sits dinner, tea, or supper without having good wash, has much to learn in the cleanliness.

Many otherwise cleanly men neglec ears. It is not so much a question natural wax secretion as the dirt an that gather in the crevices of the ear cleanly man will wipe out his ears handkerchief two or three times a da

All this may seem very obvious, sees so many men who are dirty in or another, and nothing is more make a man unpopular as the s he does not take the trouble to k clean.

D. C.

ETE SHORT STORY.

ADAM STERN.

THE SINS OF SELBY

the infernal idiots!" rd, banging down the receiver at last in dis-

n minutes he had been vainly en- g to obtain over the wire certain on from the railway company. This limax.

fourth fatuous individual to in- t I want," he went on, voicing his on to the world in general and his aill, the other occupant of the office, lar. "Commend me to a goods ilway clerk for the limit in asinine

to the telephone for destroying ," added Graill, who could not but he unusual sight of Richard losing r.

have to go round," said Richard. l of Bellingham the agent, and curse ily for me. Iron invoiced and dis- nearly a week back must have ar- now. Shoved in an odd corner of likely enough. Hustle him up. d him. Don't take his word that come till you've searched the place e sure for yourself. We're suffi- a standstill as it is."

patience was justified in view of the the stock of bar-iron in the works ically exhausted, and several orders ooks required urgent execution. had a couple of chain-makers for him now. He had also gone he forge himself, leaving Graill to the clerical part of the business.

few years ago there had been no nd defter wielder of the hammer in than Richard Selby. To-day, a eeing him might have found it hard that he had ever been anything ld certainly have doubted that the re him had once possessed the ctory in the chain trade and accumu- tune by the labour of his hands and and shrewdness of a purposeful

hard's face and arms were black he was clad merely in shirt and he latter supported by a leather belt, neck of the shirt was open, reveal- newy throat and the rippling muscles erful chest.

rning, moreover, there was a hint ssed anger in his expression, the in- eaction from a long period of stress ty.

raill had gone he stood motionless for inutes; then with an abrupt, almost ture he dismissed his thoughts and the forge. He was conscious of a vile mood, and secretly hoping pportunity would occur for him to pon something or somebody.

had not long to wait.

s a nice mess!" said Graill, re- bout an hour later. "The stuff is we can't have delivery."

says we can't?" demanded Richard y.

ngham. He tells me it has got to Wolverhampton first."

stared.

the devil does he mean?"

y that coming from Forsyth, con- a Wolverhampton, they've brought labout way, and it's now in Moulden, to Wolverhampton, where it has got ared and sent back before we can of it."

d clanged his hammer down on the

I'm damned!" he said. 's red-tape for you!"

"I never heard such rot. What did you say. What did you tell him?"

"Exactly as much as I could imagine you saying."

"Ring him up," said Richard grimly. "I'll add a little bit to it."

"No good. He's gone. Gone over to Birmingham and won't be back till evening. He was just starting off when I caught him."

The two friends regarded each other in silence.

"Where is it?" said Richard, darkening.

"The iron?"

"Yes."

"Shunted into a siding up by the passenger station—a truck half full of it."

"Not at the goods depot yet?"

"Not going there at all it seems. At all events not this journey."

"Did Bellingham say when this jiggery-pokery business with my property would be over?"

"Naturally I asked for a promise of delivery, but he would give none. He said it might be a couple of days; it might be a week."

"Uncertainty, uncertainty." Richard drew his brows together. "To hell with uncertainty!"

He walked past Graill into the office and put on his coat.

"Going to see what you can do?" inquired Graill, following him.

"That's it. Don't wait for me for lunch. Cut along to Mark's on your own."

Graill looked after him rather puzzled. It was not often that Richard went out without sprucing himself up, and rarer still that he made a business call collarless and unwashed.

But the explanation was soon forthcoming. Shortly after two o'clock a lorry, heavily laden and drawn by two horses, rumbled through the gateway of the works into the yard. Richard, dirtier than before, accompanied it, as also a man leading the front horse by the bridle.

"Gad, you've got it!" exclaimed Graill, hurrying out of the office.

"Yes, I've got it."

"How did you manage it?"

"Hired a conveyance off Mayhew here, and went and helped myself."

"Took it out of the truck at the siding!" Graill's exclamation was half delight, half incredulity.

"Why not?" said Richard. "It's my own."

"Didn't anybody try to stop you?"

"A porter came along to ask what I was up to. I told him. Unloading according to instructions from the authorities. That's myself."

"Gad! the company will kick up no end of a shindy when they get to hear of it."

"They've heard already. I passed one of their intelligent clerks on the way down. As for the shindy, they can do what they like. I've got the stuff; that's the main thing. If they send round or 'phone, I'll attend to 'em. Now, Mayhew, we'll unload the stuff in double-quick time with your help."

Presently Richard was called in, as anticipated, to speak on the telephone.

His language was curt and very much to the point. He had obtained goods legally, his own by quicker methods evidently than the railway company was capable of. He recommended the company to profit by the example. Then he rang off.

"The chief clerk," he told Graill. "So outraged as to be inarticulate. Threatening penalties galore. I've got to wait till I see Bellingham, only to wait! They expect him back before the day's out. Well, Bellingham and I look like having a pleasant time together."

And Richard's cold smile suggested that he was mightily looking forward to it.

II.

At half-past six Richard was making chain, alone in the forge. He intended working until bedtime.

Work was his only pleasure these days. In some way the iron was to him a tangible presentment of the stubborn circumstances with which he was waging war. He beat out his thoughts upon it; he formed schemes with each link.

Thump, thud, tap-tap, clang. The iron, white hot, spat sparks of hate, dulled to resentful red, cooled, surrendered. It owned a master. It would go forth impregnated with the master's strength; tough, unyielding, an instrument of utility.

Break, it never would; tear asunder it might, but with strings and sinews resisting to the last uttermost inch.

Such was the chain which Richard forged with his hands, and such was his manner of forging the chain of life, with will for hammer and the opposition of others his anvil.

But every chain has its weakest link.

Richard, absorbed in his work, had not heard anyone enter, but the sense of solitude disturbed made him turn his head.

He expected Bellingham, and simultaneously with the thought came the thrill of approaching conflict.

But what he saw gave him a thrill of another kind. A woman was looking at him. Or rather, a young girl—slim, erect, a flush on her cheeks, her eyes bright.

"You!" said Richard.

"If Mohammed won't come to the mountain——" she answered, and then gave a silvery laugh. "But I hardly resemble a mountain, do I?"

"No," said Richard, not knowing what else to say. "No," he added, "you certainly don't."

And involuntarily he looked at his blackened hands. She was like spring, he thought, and he—he felt besmirched.

"How do you do?" said Miss Violet Lyons, with the least suspicion of mockery.

"Good Lord!" said Richard, staring at

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the proffered hand. "Don't do that; I shall spoil the glove."

She did not withdraw the white-gloved hand, but lifted it an inch or two higher.

"Kiss it, then," she said, with much matter-of-factness.

Richard, watching her, slowly drew in his breath. Her glance did not waver. She was pitting her strength against his.

"I don't want to," he said.

"Yes, you do."

"Anyhow I won't."

"Why not?"

"Because—because——" He could get no words out.

"I have never," she said, "asked a man to kiss my hand without his jumping at the chance."

"You never asked one before," said Richard, like a shot, and he bent suddenly to kiss it.

But she snatched it behind her back.

"How do you know?" she said.

"Because you love me."

"Gracious, what impudence!"

"It's a fact," said Richard, all at once imperturbable. "Put it out again; I've altered my mind."

"It's too late now. I don't suppose you'll ever have the chance again."

They made an odd contrast, the girl in soft white with pink here and there, and a picture hat, and the man, his throat bare, black with toil, and sweat still glistening on his forehead. Nevertheless there was affinity between them.

Richard went off at a tangent.

"What brings you here?" he asked.

She pointed towards the gateway.

"Barton, and the dog-cart, and a sewing meeting at the vicarage."

"That's concise. And now what do you want?"

"I don't think that is very nicely put," she said.

Richard took a grip of himself.

"You're daughter of Vincent Lyons, of Bagley Court, Staffordshire, one of the wealthiest landowners in the Midlands. I'm a chain-maker, as near penniless as may be."

"Fancy!" she said.

"That's the situation. It was different—once." He clenched his jaw at hearing his voice falter.

"You are silly, Dick," she said with satisfaction.

"Don't!" he said sharply, feeling her use of his name weaken him.

"I won't. But you really are, aren't you?"

"Perhaps I am," he agreed, sullen at being ridiculed.

"As if it has ever been different—or ever will be!"

"I've got to make my way again first."

"Of course you have. But that's no reason why you should keep away from me—and dad."

"I think it is," said Richard stubbornly.

"Dad says you're magnificent."

"Oh, rot!"

"Magnificently English. That's his nice way of saying you are capable of any demned folly. 'Scuse the swear-word. I got into the habit at school."

"Will you go away?" said Richard, exasperated.

"No."

"I shall take hold of you and kiss you in a minute."

"You had better not. This is a new dress. I don't want it spoiled, thank you."

"I'm not ashamed of being dirty," said Richard calmly.

"I know you're not. Or at least I know you pretend you're not. That is one of your sins. There are a lot more. It is those I came particularly to tell you about. You don't suppose I came because I wanted to fuss over you, do you?"

"I hope not," said Richard.

"I do, a bit," she said nevertheless.

Richard leaned against the anvil, folding his arms.

"Go on with the sins," he said.

"If I told you them all it would take ages."

"The worst ones, then."

"Selfishness—in keeping all your troubles to yourself."

"Is that selfishness?"

"Pride."

"I'm not proud, except of you."

"Ambition," she continued, unheeding. "And by that sin fell the angels."

"A man must be busy," said Richard.

"Stupid in hundreds of ways."

"I was never clever," said Richard.

"Because you despise cleverness. That's conceit. I was almost forgetting that one. All proud and ambitious men consider no one is entitled to first place but themselves."

"*You* are to blame there, so far as I'm concerned," said Richard deliberately. "Anything else?"

She studied him for a moment, and unexpectedly a strange wistfulness played about her lips, making them tremulous and very tender.

"Thinking I belong to the stars when I—when I am really very earthy, Dick."

"Oh, my dear," said Richard, standing upright suddenly.

"And—and ever so human. I didn't think I should have to tell you I felt lonely sometimes, Dick."

"By gad," said Richard slowly, "the blind and selfish brute I've been!"

"Not that. But now and then you don't quite—understand."

"I only kept away because I wanted to give you a fair chance elsewhere. I thought you might meet somebody else more worthy. I didn't think it right——"

"There could be only one right," she said bravely, "after I let you see I cared."

"Yes," said Richard in a low voice, and he turned away his head. "Yes, thank God that came true."

He dashed his hand across his eyes, and turned again to her, meeting that gaze of crystal-clear purity and trust which leaves a man different from what it found him.

"Yes," he said humbly. "I thank God every day for you."

She smiled gladly, and became her contained self once more.

"So you'll come and see us just as before. I shall expect you to-morrow night—to dinner. It would be delightfully original—but don't come just as you are."

"I only work in these clothes," said Richard, laughing, "and I wash myself afterwards."

"I'm going now," she said.

But she didn't move.

Richard kissed her on the lips.

"There's no mark," he said, after an inspection.

Standing at the gateway watching her drive away, a man crossed the street and faced him.

"Mr. Selby, I've got a bone to pick with you," he said unpleasantly.

"Oh, it's you, Bellingham!" Richard came back to reality with a start. "What is it?" he asked crisply. "Threats?"

"You'll get into serious trouble over this matter."

"Think so? I'm not worrying. The company will refuse to carry my goods in future, both out and in—is that it?"

Bellingham was a trifle taken aback.

"I didn't say so, but head office might decide that way."

"All right. Do as you like. We can always use the canal. Good-night."

And Richard shut the gates.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

WELSHERS.

SOME FACTS CONCERNING A VERY TYPE OF RACING CROOK.

A hoarse roar, menacing, murder[illegible] a sound that one who has heard [illegible] pray that he may never hear it [illegible] above the din of the mighty race[illegible]

"Welsher! A-a-a-ah! *Welsher!*

And over the rolling downs, beautif[illegible] their garb of summer greenness, co[illegible] able concourse. A man rushes by w[illegible] steadily flying footsteps, gasping horrib[illegible] blood-shot, bulging eyes that dare n[illegible] back—a man running for his life. T[illegible] a mad rush comes a crowd of infuriated men of all types and ages, but each act[illegible] by the same brutal purpose.

The miserable fugitive is a "welsher" other words a defaulting racecourse b[illegible] He has stood up on the course, laid the [illegible] and has failed to fulfil his obligations t[illegible] successful speculators.

So that the same injured punter[illegible] by a gang of idle ruffians to whom violence performed in comparative are occasions of enjoyment, are going minister to him the punishment he dese[illegible]

And, indeed, although the hand welsher generally undergoes if he is cap[illegible] is of a particularly brutal nature, it is any means unmerited; and in [illegible] tormentors it must be said that once dealt with him to their satisfaction, variably let him go unprosecuted.

To the sporting mind there is [illegible] despicable than to persuade men sporting chance of making a bit, sneak away with the spoils.

It is a little known but none the fact that the racecourse police will interfere in the chastisement of a welsher less they see that things are going too fa[illegible]

"What's the matter?" a constable inquire, when he sees an ugly rush in direction of a defaulting metallician; b being informed that he is a welsher, he s turns away, with some such remark as you know what to do."

A scene such as we have described witnessed not long ago on a well-known course close to the metropolis.

A particularly unscrupulous member welshing fraternity had been captured knot of indignant clients, and he came some very rough treatment indeed. One the other, with merciless vigour, dealt him a smashing blow in the [illegible]

Next, two of his assailants—one [illegible] side—seized the upper part of his and with a vigorous wrench, ripped him; and they were not satisfied until, same manner, they had stripped him [illegible]

Then they rolled him into some long and left him there.

It is not always, however, that [illegible] are caught, for at the last Epsom meeting, two such men made a big They rigged up, in a good position, Downs, a huge sheet, gaudily emblazoned with coloured pictures of the different engaged in the Derby, their jockeys the prices they were prepared to offer each. This sheet attracted an enormous ber of small backers, and the w[illegible] well over a hundred pounds. During citement of the great race, they quietly off, leaving their sheet, which had haps, a couple of pounds, behind.

The audacity of the genus welsher emplified by a fact for which the writer can vouch—for he has the honour of a slight acquaintance with the pair in question. All that they start their book with, was five-and-six

B. W[illegible]

BRIEF REPLIES.

this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of nterest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt equired a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

. (Skipton).—To harden the feet, in order ve them fit for camp, there is nothing to plenty of long walks every evening for at hree weeks before you go to camp. Walking ot only harden the skin of your feet and so t blisters, but it will also put your leg es into condition and thus make long es easy. Don't forget to break in your ng boots; use them for these walks.

. H. (London, S.E.).—Don't give way to there seems little to be alarmed about. one of the hospitals and obtain the best . Pay, of course, if you can afford to do so.

VANS, 33, Springdale Road, Stoke Newing- , wants to meet a League Member who is r-cyclist.

E. (Wolverhampton).—Sorry to learn that ere bitten by one of the most notorious -shops now in existence. You had only lf and the slackness of our police authorities k. Why didn't you consult our Financial ? He has warned his correspondents by ime and again against these people. It is visable to show them up in the paper; the n is as wealthy as it is impudently swind- ad we do not court the unnecessary expense nding an action for libel.

. (Glasgow).—If you sold your books and r money, what's all the trouble? It isn't ne who can find a customer for old books e days.

. L. (Colchester).—Follow your tailor's but be sure he is a good one. It is im- e for us to say what width of trousers you wear, as so much depends on your figure.

(Cloughfold).—We should like to put on a black gloves, ill-fitting shoes, white socks, at with a mourning band, and other things, r that we might answer your letter in the which it is written. You object to our nal use of swear words. Damn you, sir, We are true to life. Put human nature efore you tackle us.

D. (London).—Apply to any good adver- agency; they will charge you nothing, as t their commission from the paper.

M. (Catford).—We believe Rhodesia to be hful colony. Are you sure you want to e?

B. (Dalry).—You will get much useful l information from the Harmsworth Ency- ia. You can consult it in any public

(Manchester).—A girl who hasn't run t isn't the girl for you.

L READER."—We don't give any readers' es without their permission. Also we don't anonymous communications. Would you?

H. (Birmingham).—We raise our hat to We seem to have a considerable number of aders now. We don't know why.

(Rochdale).—Glad to know you like our articles. There are some special ones

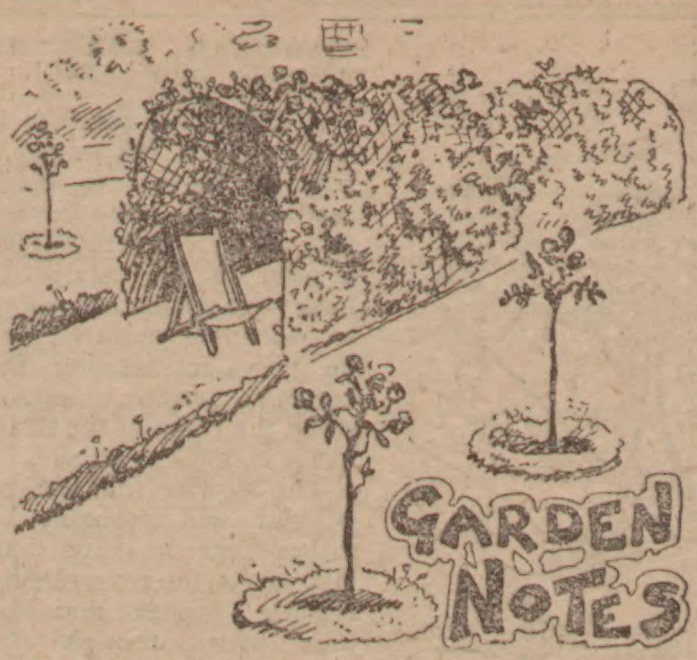
PHAMITE" (Bramley).—The best shoes for runs are those with rubber soles. Glad you have bucked up a bit since taking in er.

(Isleworth).—Don't patronise "credit" They make you pay through the nose in run. Save up till you have enough in buy what you want; then you can prac- nake your own terms. The cash customer est served in these days.

NDERSON, The Moorings, Old Cathcart, vshire, wants a Glasgow reader to join him of his friends for a camping expedition to ut a week from July 15.

G. (Westbourne Park).—Watch Mr. l's exercises, or write to Professor Inch.

(Stockport), J. H. (Regent's Park), S. W. T. worth), J. P. B. (Newry), H. D. (Chard), A. C. ell), G. McD. (Glasgow), H. S. (Devonport), lesbury), "HAL" (Durham), T. C. (Belfast). ank you.



Many small gardens are cursed with turf banks which are almost perpendicular and beyond the reach of the mowing machine, and which to keep trim with the aid of shears or clippers is a considerable labour, while rolling is an impossibility.

The remedy in such cases is usually to do away with the turf.

Cut the bank away until it is quite perpendicular and put in what is technically known as a "dry wall," or remove the turf and stud the bank with pieces of stone or clinker, planting the interstices with creeping plants, mostly of the flowering variety.

In this way you will get a little rockery for which, perhaps, you had no room otherwise, and you will replace a rather unsightly and often untidy turf bank by a pretty slope of irregular shape and varied colour, which has the advantage of needing no attention once it is made and planted, while it grows more beautiful every year.

If stone is difficult to obtain, chunks of broken cement can often be found, or "burrs" or clinkers, as burnt bricks are called, are most effective.

If the saving of space be a consideration, this can be effected by making a brick wall take the place of the bank. A cartload or two of old used bricks is fairly easy to obtain and these can be laid roughly with a little earth in between, so that various creeping plants — stonecrop, creeping jenny, arenaria, rock thyme, saxifrage and so on — can be planted in the cracks.

In a comparatively short time the whole wall will be clothed so that scarcely a brick can be seen.

* * * * * * *

Many gardeners whose experience is limited wonder mildly that the blooms which appear on their own plants are small in size and perhaps insignificant beside those produced by a neighbour or a friend from similar seed or plants.

In most cases the fault is their own and lies simply in the fact that they have not realised the advantage of quality over quantity.

With the majority of herbaceous plants and with others also it is essential that the shoots should be thinned out, the less promising ones being picked off and sacrificed in order that the larger ones may make a better show.

At the same time, all decayed leaves and flowers and all dead shoots should be removed at once, and no seed should be allowed to ripen unless it is wanted. In no case should a plant be allowed to run to seed until the end of the flowering season.

Growers of standard roses should also keep a sharp look-out for "suckers," which are shoots springing (often below the ground) from the original briar on which the rose is grafted. They bear no flower—if they did it would be only a briar rose—but they impoverish the tree and should be removed at once.

C. B. STAINER.

SOME GOLFING NICETIES.

HINTS THAT WILL HELP YOU TO IMPROVE YOUR GAME.

"We'll cure you of a summer cold
Or of a winter cough, boys;
We'll make you young, e'en when you're old,
So come and play at golf, boys."

So sings James Ballantyne, and, day after day, a rapidly increasing number of men follow his advice. But, alas, in the great majority of cases they have to take up the Royal and Ancient game without the assistance of expert tuition, and there is no other game in which the latter is so desirable.

It is, therefore, presumable that the following advice, which we have on the authority of an ex-amateur champion, will elucidate some knotty points which have previously harassed a large number of our readers.

First of all, the correct position in which to strike a ball is a point that is often beyond even advanced players who are not of the first class. The reason of this is that it is so difficult to define rigidly by rule. But these directions will enable you to get it "as nearly right as makes no matter."

First, imagine the ball's intended line of flight. A line drawn from the toes of your left foot to those of your right should be as nearly as possible parallel to this line of flight. To obtain the distance which should properly separate the feet from the ball, lay the club with its "heel" to the latter, and the end of the handle should just touch your left knee as you stand erect.

At this distance the ball should be about four inches to the right of your left foot.

Many men who are otherwise quite good golfers have wrong ideas of holding their clubs. In nine cases out of ten they clasp *both* thumbs tightly round the shaft. Now, though this doubtless adds slightly to the power of the drive, any professional will tell you that the best grip is with the thumb of the right hand round the shaft, and the left thumb down and along it. Such a hold both gives a stronger grip to the left hand than to the right—a very good thing, by the way—and also imparts a greater accuracy to the direction of your "swing."

Just as at billiards many men experience great embarrassment in using the "rest," so, at golf, does the correct handling of the niblick appear to be fraught with difficulty. This very short-headed club is specially used for getting out of a bunker, and in such a case the *modus operandi* differs materially from the methods employed in all the other strokes of the game.

Do not attempt to strike the ball itself. Hit, with a downward action, sharply into the sand about two inches behind it, or if the sand is more than ordinarily light, three inches or even more. Similarily if the sand is unusually heavy, the distance should be reduced to about one inch behind the ball.

The object of striking behind the "pill" in this way is to enable you to get well under it, and so loft it over the bunker cliff. But such a stroke requires an immense amount of practice, for this is the only stroke in which you do not "keep your eye on the ball," a direction which is always so insistently dinned into every beginner that it eventually becomes second nature to him.

Stand steadily on your feet; and in swinging let the upward swing be slower than the downward motion; but it must be in almost direct relation to the latter. When you draw the club back, let your arms swing well out from the body, and let this be the case both coming down again to the ball and after you have struck it.

Do not move forward the right foot in striking, or the left foot in swinging. These are two fatal habits, which are, however, strangely common.

Do not let the upper half of your left arm swing up too high in striking, or the elbow will prevent you from keeping your eye on the ball. A correct swing always allows you to look at it over the left arm.

JAMES F. KIRBY.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

NEW SUIT CASES.

A small point which is worth attention when you have purchased a new suit case is the painting on it of your initials.

The usual place is the centre of the lid, but this is inadvisable for various reasons.

Railway porters, if you ever let the case get into their clutches, have an unpleasant way of pushing it under the seat upside down, so that the initials, if painted, are soon scratched off, and even if burnt in, are soon practically obliterated.

The remedy for this is, of course, to have the initials painted on the ends of the case, but it must be on both ends of the case, for on one end only the letters may often be out of sight.

It may be more expensive to have them painted on twice over, but they are here protected and easily visible.

On the top of the case they are necessarily out of sight when it is underneath a pile of other luggage.

Moreover, if the letters are merely put on in black paint, they are liable to rub off when you are carrying the bag, for you cannot always remember to carry it with the lid away from your body.

Even if you could remember to carry it so, the most convenient way to carry a square suit case is always with the lid against your body, for the handle is never set in the middle, but nearer the lid than the bottom of the case.

HEADWEAR FOR THE AUTUMN.

Although the summer is hardly yet in full swing, it may be useful to those readers who are buying new felt hats or caps to give a note on the styles of headwear which, according to a leading outfitter, will be prevalent during the coming autumn season when the reign of the straw hat is coming to an end.

The bowler that will be popular will probably be rather larger in shape than last year's, the crown being slightly higher and the brim wider, though the general proportions will be much the same. Grey will probably be the favourite colour for caps. and as this will go with almost any suit, while green often looks out of place, this is something to be thankful for.

Light grey will be more fashionable than dark grey, and the shape will be a full one.

While on the subject of headwear, it is interesting to note that there has been a distinct revival in the Panama hat this summer.

Past extravagances in this direction have killed the popular craze for the hat, and the imitations that were once so common have died out, but really good Panamas have so much to recommend them that they are likely to be worn in the summer for many years by those who can afford to pay half a guinea or a guinea for them, and who like to appear smart even in negligé attire.

The soft felt hat with a wide brim, which is presumably an importation from America, seems to have come to stay and to a great extent to have replaced the imitation Panama as an inexpensive summer hat, and here again grey is the most popular colour, having for the time being ousted greens and browns.

The prevalence of grey in headwear, as well as in clothes, is probably to be ascribed to the national mourning.

AN ERROR IN TASTE.

The other day I noticed in one of the most frequented streets in London an error of taste which struck me as most unfortunate.

Two young men passed me who were both possessed of fine athletic figures and would both have been well dressed—if they had been apart.

But they were both attired in suits of identical material, and that a grey tweed with a rather pronounced broad black stripe in it.

The two were not in the least alike, nor were they even of the same height, so that they were evidently not twin brothers, for twins often elect to dress similarly. They were merely friends who patronised the same tailor.

If they had lived in different towns, and rarely met, it would have been a different matter, but being, as they evidently were, close companions, it struck me as showing a distinct lack of taste that they should have chosen the same rather striking material for their suits.

It is a safe rule in all matters of dress to avoid copying exactly anything that a friend is wearing. It may be the sincerest form of flattery, but it will probably not please him. Even your tie should not be exactly similar—unless, of course, it is a club tie or something of the sort—to that of a man with whom you regularly come into contact.

In your dress the object should always be to appear to have had every article of it made to order. Avoid the obviously "stock line" as much as possible, and aim at originality in details and conventionality in essentials.

LONDON'S BEST VALUE.

Our Cashmere suits have this great merit: they are smooth in finish and look very dressy; in fact, they are gentlemen's suits in every meaning of the phrase. A fine range.

37/6

the suit.

Our Navy blue rough serge suits are unequalled—because we *guarantee* that they will not get shiny; what other firm dare do that?

Full range of patterns (which need not be returned) sent post free on application. Our self-measurement form enables every Provincial reader to fit himself accurately; we *guarantee* the fit—if you don't like the suit, we return your money in full. The price is

42/-,

and there are no extras.

Call or send a postcard to-day.
POWE & HANCOCK,
22, Bishopsgate Street Without,
LONDON, E.C.

CLOTHE YOURSEL
ON THE
INSTALMENT SYSTE

Suits Cut by Experts. Prices, 30s., 42s., & 50s. Instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Write for full particulars, specifying price.

THE GOOD WEAR CO. (Dept. 35),
6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.

I SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome POLISHED OAK, PLATED FITTINGS, 1½in. steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied.
Send for Illustrated List, Free.
CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, Londe

NO MORE SHINY CLOTH
SOMETHING ENTIRELY N

If you dislike your suits after they have g with wear, you will be interested in a new a we have introduced for easily and quickly re this objectionable appearance. The appar splendidly finished, strongly made, and wil family a lifetime. It is always ready, and neve out. The price is 1s. 9d., post free.
Obtainable only from
R. PARKES and CO., 161, Blackburn Road, Ac

A CAPITAL
27/6 SPORTING COA

Invaluable for walking, cycl shooting, riding, and all outdoor sports. This coat is fitted with a reversed box-pleat up the back to allow freedom of shoulder movement.

It is fitted with a belt at back with two buttons, so that it can be tightened at the desire of the wearer

Large patch pockets.

Horn or leather buttons.

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Every Londoner should make a point of call

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All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.
In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Jack riding boots and trees, by Pall Mall maker; size seven, £1; Jack spurs, 4s.; brown leggings, 10s.; Sandow's dumbbells, 5s. 6d.; developer, 8s. 6d.; offers and exchanges considered.—H. Croft, 39, Radipole Road, Fulham, S.W.

nart and dressy grey Norfolk suit; durable, high-class quality and make, entirely new; fit 37in. breast, 33in. waist; cost 50s., take 40s. (or nearest), money only; hose given in.—Box 3117, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

oat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined, only three; a bargain, 1s. 6d. each.——Box 3099, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

ailor's button-making machine, brand new, complete with all accessories and four gross of button parts; machine cost 35s.; accept 20s.—Box 3076, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

or smart tailoring at cut prices see Powe and Hancock's advertisement, page 24.

few superior coat-hangers to clear, highly polished, 9d. post free; usual price, 1s. 9d.—Box 2249, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Modern Tackle for Modern Men, carriage free.—Bottom Rods, 3s. 3d., 5s. 6d., 8s.; Casting Rods, wood, 7s. 6d.; split cane, 20s.; Sea Rods, 3s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 10s.; Fly Rods, 5s., 6s. 6d., 10s.; also everything for the angler. Catalogues free from the makers, Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch.

unching ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 11s. 6d.; accept 8s., condition as new.—Box 3078, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Vanted, croquet set, regulation, good condition, cheap.—Box 3119, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

omplete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3077, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Vanted, good gentleman's cycle, 25in. frame, 3-speed, Raleigh preferred.—Full particulars, Box 3120 "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

acht, in good order, sleep two, with dinghy; £14.—Box 3121, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

entleman's pair Richardson's best rollers (aluminium wheels), size eights, good as new, cost 25s., accept 17s.; bargain.—Box 3122, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

GARDENING.

lant Food.—"Premier" plant food; clean, concentrated, convenient; a fertiliser giving really exceptional results; tin, sufficient for 75 galls., 1s. 3d., post free.—The J. G. B. Sales Co., 27, Campbell Street, Dudley.

awn sprinkler, 8-arm, 7s., perfect condition, cost 17s. 6d.—Box 3123, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

wo zither banjos, 20s. and 30s.; Sandow's developer, 6s. cash, or exchange for banjo music or Hardy fishing-rod.—Hatfield, Upper Parkstone, Dorset.

ramophone, rosewood inlaid case, powerful motor, plays either needle cut or phono cut records, three one winding, 11in. turn-table, extra large flower horn, numbered scale speed regulator, and 16 records, all new; cost £8 5s.; what offers?—Box 3114, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Vanted, good gramophone and records, or records only (disc), in exchange for gentleman's 24in. Solar cycle, plated rims, 2 brakes, free wheel, good tyres, lined red, and perfect condition, value 70s.—Box 3124, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

dison Standard, with 50 records, plays beautifully, horns, carrying cases; accept £3, or offer.—Box 3125, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS, CYCLES, AND ACCESSORIES

For sale, new, never been used, motor goggles, cost 8s. 6d., accept 4s.—Box 3127, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, trembler coil, for 2-cylinder engine; must be in first-rate order.—Box 3128, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Terrot, ideal light-weight motor-cycle, 2½-h.p. magneto, spring frame and forks, handle bar control, stand, &c.; splendid hill climber, and most reliable. What cash offers?—Box 3129, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Pocket-money for you, easily earned as agent for promising Picture-framing and Enlargement Co.; good commission.—Write at once for particulars or call, The Kerbrook Photographic Enlargement and Picture Framing Co., 192, Trafalgar Street, Walworth, S.E.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 21.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Good selling lines and novelties wanted for mail order and agent's canvassing business.—Box 3022, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

100 fully-paid rubber shares, in large African company, will sacrifice at 2s. 3d. per share; great bargain.—Box 3130, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

10 per cent. preference £1 shares in established business, must sacrifice, 19s., or offer.—Box 3131, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

A great success! How to make well-known ointment; recipe, P.O. 1s.—A. Rutter, 40, Newark Street, Bradford.

Stage artiste's secret; how to fix hair in any position, promote growth, cleanse scalp; better than cosmetique; ensures smart appearance for rinking, cricket, dancing; 1s. 1d. Postal Order.—Syd Sley, 57, William Edward Street, Birmingham.

Your bodily weight rapidly increased. Send 4d. stamps for instructions.—Gordon, Wellesbourne, Oxford Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3088, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3087, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3089, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Half-plate Lancaster Camera, with tripod and background, 35s.—Enquire for particulars, Eli Crossley, 15, Rosebery Street, Cornholme.

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Automatic dating stamp; it will stamp any date, month, or year; 1s. 6d.—Box 3115, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FREE. Cigarettes and tobacco.—Send name and address on postcard to Higgs and Co., 155, Duke Street, Liverpool.

Youth (22) fond riding, swimming, tennis, desires companion similar tastes, week or fortnight, August.—Box 3116, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"MATRIMONIAL CIRCLE."—Great success, conducted on straightforward principles. Golden opportunities to those desiring matrimony; 6d., post free, sealed wrapper.—Editor, 18, Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

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